

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—No. 475.—25 JUNE, 1853.

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From Chambers' Journal.

THE PLANTING.

A PARABLE.

I said to my little son, who was watching, with tears, a tree he had planted: "Let it alone; it will grow while you are sleeping!"

"PLANT it safe, thou little child;
Then cease watching and cease weeping:
Thou hast done thy utmost part;
Leave it, with a quiet heart;
It will grow while thou art sleeping."

"But, O father!" says the child,
With a troubled face close creeping—
"How can I but think and grieve,
When the fierce winds come at eve,
And snows beat—and I lie sleeping?"

"I have loved my linden so!
In each leaf seen future floweret;
Watched it day by day with prayers,
Guarded it with pains and cares,
Lest the canker should devour it."

"O, good father!" says the child,
"If I come in summer's shining,
And my linden-tree be dead—
How the sun will scorch my head,
Where I sit forlorn and pining!"

"Rather let me evermore,
Through this winter-time watch keeping,
Bear the cold, and storms, and frost,
That my treasure be not lost—
Ay, bear aught!—but idle sleeping."

Sternly said the father then:

"Who art thou, child, vainly grieving?
Canst thou send the balmy dew,
Or the rich sap interfuse,
That one leaf shall burst to living?"

CCCLXXV. LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 49

"Canst thou bid the heavens restrain
Natural tempests for thy praying?
Canst thou bend one tender shoot?
Stay the growth of one frail root?
Keep one blossom from decaying?"

"If it live and bloom all fair,
Will it praise thee for its blooming?
If it die, will any plaints
Reach thee, as with kings and saints
Drops it to an equal tombing?"

"Plant it—consecrate with prayers.
It is safe 'neath His sky's folding
Who the whole earth compasses,
Whether we watch more or less—
His large eye all things beholding."

"If He need a goodly tree
For the shelter of the nations,
He will make it grow; if not,
Never yet His love forgot
Human tears, and faith, and patience."

"Leave thy treasure in His hand—
Cease all watching and all weeping.
Years hence, men its shade may crave,
When its mighty branches wave
Beautiful—above thy sleeping!"

If his hope, tear-sown, that child
Garnered safe with joyful reaping,
Know I not: yet, unawares,
Oft this truth gleams through my prayers:
"It will grow while thou art sleeping!"

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE THOUGHT.

'T WAS not that sordid cares perplexed him,
'T WAS not satiety or spleen:
'T WAS one eternal thought that fixed him—
The thought of what he might have been:

The thought that virtue might have led him
In his youth o'er holy ground,
And love's early vows have made him
Pure as music's trancing sound :

The thought that knowledge might have placed
him
On the height of truth sublime,
Where low vice had ne'er debased him,
Outcast in a sensual clime :

The thought that tuneful inspiration
Might have lived in lofty lays,
And a poet's aspiration
Won the wreath of laurelled praise.

Like a distant, trembling river
To the ear at midnight brought,
So his tide of life forever
Trembles with the eternal thought.

Like a wailing ghost, respited
Scenes of youth to wander o'er,
All that might have life delighted,
Lies a wreck on Ganges' shore.

INDIANUS.

From Fraser's Magazine.

1815 AND 1853.

WHEN war by the great battle closed,
Gave England laurels won with pain,
Our rulers, glad to quit the strife,
Returned, in hope, to peace again.

Then the nation hailed with rapture
The dawning of a brighter day.
The star of conquest sank and paled,
When Reason's power assumed the sway.

Again improvement, long delayed,
Swiftly progressed through Mind's domain,
Neath calmer skies, with broad sails spread,
Our ships of commerce ploughed the main.

The giant heart of England poured
Her life-blood through her farthest veins,
To distant climes unknown in yore,
Through Afric's wilds, o'er India's plains.

Then the oak of British science,
By Bacon planted long ago,
Broad branches bore among the stars,
And strong roots sank in earth below.

Then days of science were like years
In the old chronicles of time,
Then years grew large, as ages past,
In rich results—in works sublime.

Loud rang the hammer in the shed,
Swift through the loom the shuttle plied,
O'er iron roads our steam steeds ran,
Like thought th' electric courier hied.

Then fair Religion, calm and mild,
The true conservator of the world,
Glowed with immortal youth, and smiled
O'er War's dread standard, once more furled.

On all the Sun of Freedom shone,
Kindling the hearts of labor's throng ;
Advancing Art was 'compained
By Genius, Poetry, and Song.

But now the comet's meteor glare
Returns from journeyings afar,
Sweeps on the sight, and shows again
The long-forgotten form of war.

Well, be it so, what we have gained
We shall not tamely, calmly lose,
If fight we must, then—to the death,
Though war we may not freely choose.

Whate'er betide, the end is sure,
There lives on earth that cannot die,
Great Heaven will give, as in old times,
To Truth and Freedom—*Victory.*

From Household Words.

HUSH !

"I CAN scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves ;
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen ! there are voices talking."
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet, her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It is only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass ;
They were startled, and fled to the thicket
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest ;
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed,
But Rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead !

REASONS FOR A SINGER'S COLD. — "What is the reason that fellow is always indisposed at the moment he is wanted to sing?" inquired an Exeter Hallite, just as a sort of SIMS REEVIAN apology had been made for a popular singer. "Oh ! it's easily accounted for," answered his stall neighbor ; "when you think of the great airs he is continually giving himself, it's no wonder he so often catches cold." — *Punch.*

From Chambers' Repository.

HENRY ARNAUD AND THE WALDENSES.

THE return of the Waldensian exiles to their native valleys, to which they fought their way under the guidance of their pastor and general, Henry Arnaud, in 1689, is one of the most remarkable and romantic events in modern history. It will be found fully to deserve the few pages here devoted to an account of it; but before beginning with the actual incidents of their fighting-journey, which were minutely recorded day by day, it may be as well to give a sketch of the circumstances which opened this curious chapter in the romance of history. The Waldenses, or Vaudois, are supposed to have received their name from *vallis*, or valley, owing to the extremely secluded and peculiar character of the three valleys in which they lived as a community, separated by immense mountains from the rest of the world. In the general map of Europe, the position of these valleys will be best described by saying, that they lie in the slopes of the great range called the Pennine Alps, on the side which stretches towards Italy. This great barrier separates them from Western and Northern Europe; but they are also secluded even from the rest of Italy, as their districts are only approachable by narrow openings, as it were, between subsidiary ranges of hills. These, in other parts of the world, would be called great mountain-ranges; but here they are only the lateral spurs or offshoots of the vast central Alpine chain. The district, generally speaking, is bounded on the sides by Mount Viso and the Col de Sestrières; and the three main valleys of which it consists are Lucerna or Luzern, Perosa or Perouse, and San Martino or St. Martin. Considerable confusion is sometimes created in the reader's mind by the names in this district, as elsewhere throughout the Piedmontese part of Italy, being sometimes given in Italian, and sometimes in French. Though situated within the sunny territory of Italy, these valleys have the characteristics rather of a northern than a southern clime, and nourished a hardy race, such as Goldsmith describes on the other side of the Alps:—

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And, as a child, when searing sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

The poet's description does not, however, apply very accurately where he says—

No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel—the soldier and his sword.

The inhabitants of a land producing nothing else, could only subsist by robbery. In fact, however, the lowest ranges of these valleys are generally stripes of flat, soft, alluvial soil, almost unmatched in richness. Their owners consider every yard of the earth's surface so valuable here, that they grudge even what is necessary for the narrowest pathways; and the stranger feels that he must pick his way carefully, to avoid injury to the rich crop. It will be clear, that, from the nature of the country, no class of men could well be more isolated from their neighbors than the cultivators of these pastures. The richness and narrowness of the alluvial stripes kept them in the pursuit of their living within a narrow compass; and the great mountain barriers, by which they were nearly surrounded, prevented them from paying unnecessary visits to their neighbors. Dr. Johnson almost describes such a place as the valleys of the Waldenses in his romance of *Rasselas*, where he isolates his hero from the world. It was not unnatural, then, that in such places old opinions and traditions would remain longer unchanged than in the more open parts of Europe.

It is well known to all readers of history that, from an early period, these Waldenses professed a religious creed and observances differing from those of the surrounding nations, and especially of their neighbors, the Italians. Since they thus differed from the practice of the Pope's immediate dominions, of course their religion was distinguished from that of the Church of Rome. It has been identified—even as it existed at a very early time—with the Protestant opinions of later days. It was thus very natural to suppose, as the religious rites of the Waldenses were simple, and they had from time immemorial differed from those of Rome, that they were a relic of the primitive church, preserved, as it were, within the wall of mountains, and showing to after-ages what that church had really been before the ecclesiastics acquired their pomp and power. This is not a place for the investigation of the question as to whether such views are well founded. It will readily be understood, however, that this simple people, differing in religious tenets from powerful nations and ambitious monarchs, were not allowed to entertain their peculiar views in tranquillity. In fact, it is too well known in history, that from generation to generation they were oppressed and persecuted. One of the latest and most signal attacks made on them was the cause of the adventurous history we have now to relate.

After the powerful intervention of Oliver Cromwell on the behalf of the Waldenses, seconded by the good-wishes of other European potentates, they appeared to be entering upon a career of peace and independence.

This lasted for some years; but in 1685 they were, with too much justice, alarmed when Louis XIV. revoked the Edict of Nantes, which had been passed for the toleration of the French Protestants. The many fugitives who on that occasion were dispersed throughout Europe, carried the melancholy news of the growing despotism of the great French monarch. It soon became clear, that he would exert his power against a small body like the Waldenses, who assailed his pride by giving sympathy and protection to his fugitive subjects so close to his own dominions. Many threatening hints were made to the Duke of Savoy on the subject. He was told that he must either compel his subjects to conform to the Church of Rome, or drive them out of their valleys. At last he was informed, that if he would not set himself heartily to this task, the King of France would do it himself with 14,000 men, and would then consider the territory a conquest, and take possession of it.

Urged by this threat, which imported no less than a partition of his territory, the duke gave the Waldenses the alternative of submitting, or being driven forth by an armed force. This was not, however, destined to be easily accomplished. The men of the valleys gave an uncompromising refusal to the proposal, and prepared for resistance. In their many series of persecutions, they had acquired a capacity for warfare, which descended from generation to generation; and their swords were the terror of the enemy wherever they appeared. They set at effectual defiance the feeble efforts of the ducal monarch of Savoy; and he required to call in the assistance of the French troops. At that period, owing to the stiff and uniform system of campaigning which had been adopted, regular troops never met the warlike mountaineers, especially on their own rough and dangerous ground, without suffering severely. The Waldenses, acting on the defensive, beat off their foes on both sides—the French on the one, and their Savoyard neighbors on the other: their successes were remarkable; and, carried away by the preternatural fervor which seems ever to have possessed them, they followed up their victories with ruthless determination, instead of seeking, by moderation, to secure for themselves terms of accommodation.

A very strange and unaccountable result, however, followed these victories, and the use so made of them. All at once, as if driven by some fatality, the Waldenses, in the moment of victory, and when they had by no means shown themselves to be clement conquerors, threw down their arms, and made an entire submission. To account for this singular incident, it has been said that they acted under a secret promise of pardon and

protection, which was basely broken; and the solution seems to be a probable one, although it is proper to say, that no sufficient evidence of the fact has been adduced. They were committed to prison in great multitudes; but it is impossible to believe, what their own authorities relate, that more than two thirds of their grown men perished in dungeons. Many certainly did so; and the number of the captives was much thinned, ere a resolution was taken to release them and send them out of the country.

This resolution was adopted in consequence of the remonstrances of the Protestant cantons, and their offer to provide for the unfortunate Waldenses. In 1687, these set out to join their kind neighbors, to the number, it is said, of 3000. To reach their destination, it was necessary to cross the great chain of the Alps, where a few passes only, and these proverbially formidable, occur at distances of many miles. The fugitives, unacquainted with the route, should have had guides and a plentiful supply of provisions—but they had neither; and the hardships they suffered would have exterminated them, if they had not possessed mountain constitutions. Leaving behind them the great mass of glaciers and precipices, over which Mont Blanc reigns supreme, they descended along the lovely valleys, reminding them of their homes, which slope towards the blue waters of the Lake of Geneva. Here, exhausted, attenuated, and ragged—like spectres rather than living beings—they met a warm reception from their sympathizing friends. They were now dispersed chiefly among the towns and villages of the canton of Bern, and were gradually introduced to the means of gaining a livelihood.

But mountaineers seem to have ever a strong yearning after their native valleys, which, in peculiar circumstances, becomes an ungovernable passion. The feeling might have been less ardent had they been removed to some great distance from their early homes, and seen nothing to recall them. But every bright day, as they looked southwards, they saw, clear against the sky, as if they were in reality close at hand, the range of snowy summits among which their beloved valleys nestled; they could see even the commencement of that slope downwards from the smooth white summit, the end of which rested on their own green pastures. The sight seems to have excited them beyond endurance, and they resolved, at all hazards, to return. Their first attempt was discovered and defeated. Their second was not more successful as to immediate results, but the preparations made for it were of service afterwards. Three of their number had been sent to examine the passes among the mountains, to ascertain which could be crossed

with least risk of detection, and to lay down a plan of operations for the whole body. At that time there was much less habitual wandering from place to place, in any class of the community, than at present. Gentlemen did not make tours of pleasure, and common people did not go about seeking work. In fact, the latter class were in general slaves, who dared not leave the fields to which they were attached or restricted. Besides the liability of being questioned and examined at every city-gate, the bridges had each a warden, living in a tower, whose duty it was to look after all suspicious wanderers. Commerce was the only legitimate excuse for travelling; and those who could not prove that they were merchants, were generally presumed, when found away from their places of residence, to be robbers or political spies. The three messengers or spies of the Waldenses had thus to proceed with extreme caution. They succeeded in reaching the valleys, and acquiring a knowledge of the safest routes through which an expedition might penetrate secretly towards them. They were not, however, fortunate in their return. They were found in a wild district of the Tarentaise, and arrested by the authorities as robbers. Some sheets of paper were found in their possession, whence it was inferred that they might be political spies; and the sheets were held to the fire, in the idea that this would bring out writing in sympathetic ink, but without success. They stated that they were dealers in lace, and had come to that district, where they knew it was made in abundance, to make purchases. This was not a very fortunate venture. An agent was employed to offer them lace for sale, and they at once agreed to give him twice what the article was worth—a liberality which was by no means appreciated. They persisted, however, in their story; and one of them, who had actually been a pedler in Languedoc, proved satisfactorily to a brother of the *élwand* that he was a true man, and obtained his testimony in their favor. They were ultimately released, and went to their brethren with the information they had collected. The body at large resolved to make the venture, and managed secretly to collect hard-baked bread for their subsistence, and make other arrangements.

The route they proposed to take was a very formidable one. They were to creep by night-journeys from their several places of abode, dispersed among different cantons, to Bex, as a general place of rendezvous; and thence passing the Rhône at the neighboring bridge of St. Maurice, they were to cross the great St. Bernard—a perilous route, even to those who have every appliance of the traveller, and are not afraid of pursuit. The plan, however, was nipped in the bud. Some of the Wal-

denses, who had taken service in the garrison of Geneva, deserting to take part in the adventure, created suspicion, and their motions were watched. A powerful guard was placed at the bridge of St. Maurice, to dispute their passage. In fact, their friends of the Protestant cantons, although readily affording them a hospitable retreat, were extremely anxious not to be committed by any line of conduct they might pursue calculated to offend the neighboring states. They would rather be at the expense of supporting the exiles among themselves, than be suspected of encouraging them in an aggressive movement. Hence, they not only let it be known to the Piedmontese government that there were suspicious movements among the Waldenses, but traced their proceedings, and persuaded them to abandon their project. About 700 of them found themselves on the way to the bridge, with the unpleasant certainty that it could not be crossed. Being near the town of Aigle, the bailiff, or chief-magistrate, assembled them in the church, and preached to them an exhortation to patience. He chose the text, "Fear not little flock;" and told them that they had but to be patient, and abide the right time, for they were predestined to return to their beloved valleys. This kind magistrate gave them 200 crowns to enable them to return to the places they had left. In their own account of the affair afterwards, they contrasted his conduct with that of the town of Vevay, which not only refused to admit them within its walls, but to allow them to purchase provisions. A courageous and zealous widow of that town, however, at much risk, went forth to them, and gave them comfort and aid. They tell us, that afterwards, when the rest of Vevay was burned down, this widow's house was spared in the general conflagration; and of course, after the fashion of those times, it was impossible to avoid connecting the one circumstance with the other.

The failure of this attempt brought additional gloom over the prospects of the wanderers. The very success with which they had conducted it so far, in making their arrangements, and in marching silently to a common centre, showed how formidable they could make themselves. The Duke of Savoy greatly increased the frontier forces, to intercept them in any future adventure. But, what promised to be more calamitous, their friends of the Protestant cantons were strongly urged to abandon their cause, and were even told that unless they did so they must stand under an accusation of having connived at their late attempt. The authorities of the cantons felt that, in the conduct of the Waldenses, they had a sufficiently good excuse for compliance with these demands. They assumed the tone of persons who had been

injured by the reckless conduct of the refugees whom they had hospitably received; and orders were issued that they should no longer have a shelter so near their native mountains. The Waldenses marched in a body through the town of Bern; and the interesting spectacle of so many exiles again wandering in search of a home, drew tears from the spectators, and gave them, at least, the consolation of knowing that they did not depart without the sympathy of the people who were obliged to cast them forth. They went first to the cantons of Zurich and Schaffhausen—the parts of Switzerland most distant from Savoy. When there, however, it was intimated to them that they were only to have a temporary asylum, and must seek a permanent resting-place elsewhere. They looked to the neighboring dukedom of Würtemberg, where the soil and method of cultivation in some measure resembled those of their own valleys; but though the duke treated them with consideration, he was afraid to make arrangements for the settlement of so large a body. Meanwhile, their Swiss neighbors, from hints and intimations, proceeded to specific measures for getting rid of them. An arrangement was made for their reception as permanent settlers in the distant state of Brandenburg, where they would be too far from their native valleys to be troublesome. Some of their number went as a deputation to inspect the country, but brought back an unfavorable account of it. While it contained no lofty mountains like those among which they had been reared, there was the more substantial disadvantage, that the soil was uniformly of a sterile character, and contained none of the rich patches of alluvium which they were accustomed to cultivate. The habits of the people, the method of agriculture, and many other characteristics of the country, were so displeasing to them, that they sternly refused the overture. It cannot be surprising that this fastidiousness laid them open to a charge of caprice. The exile who seeks a resting-place to be provided by the charity of his neighbor, should be content with the fate he finds awarded to others of his species. The Waldenses, however, were not philosophers, nor did they know the world; they were full of prejudices, and predilections, with which it was in vain to argue. The Swiss clergy preached against their unreasonableness from the pulpits; and all classes, partly by persuasion, and partly by threats and churlishness, tried to make them adopt the plan arranged for their settlement, but for a long time in vain. At length, a colony of 800 agreed to depart for Brandenburg; and were thus separated from their brethren.

Those who remained were for the most part received into the Palatinate and Würtemberg, where they obtained privileges and

grants of land. In fact, in these territories, lately desolated by war, their industrious moral habits, and their knowledge of agriculture, made them valuable citizens. It now seemed as if their troubles were at an end. One detachment was settled in distant Brandenburg—the others, though nearer their old homes, were too far dispersed to join in any common movement. Again, however, the calamities of war drove them forth. The progress of the French arms threatened an immediate sweep of the Palatinate and its neighborhood by the insatiable enemies of the Waldenses. They were obliged to leave the grain they had sown to be reaped by other sickles, take what they could carry on their backs, and again seek an asylum wherever they might find a friendly door opened to them. They could find none but among the Swiss, with whom they had in a manner quarrelled. It was not caprice, however, but dire necessity, which now actuated them; and the generous Swiss forgot their cause of complaint, and received the friendless wanderers open-armed as before. The Waldenses afterwards said that the approach of the French was providential, as it drove them to have recourse to the step in which they were so signally successful.

It must be mentioned that in the mean time their movements attracted the attention of the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III. of England. It was the great policy of that monarch to use every practical means for checking the aggrandizement of France; and throughout the whole of his busy life he never omitted any opportunity, great or small, which held out a hope of contributing to this end. He liked the firmness of the Waldenses, and thought it would be useful to the cause he had at heart, if their separate existence could be preserved as near as might be to their native place, which lay in that south-eastern direction in which French aggrandizement was pressing. He sent them a considerable sum of money; and it was probably through his influence that they obtained similar pecuniary aid from England. They sent deputies to the prince, who recommended them to keep in a compact body. They had been for a short time settled as a component part of the Swiss population, when the news of the British Revolution of 1688, which had elevated their friend to the throne of a great empire, rung joyfully in their ears. They ascertained also that the Duke of Savoy had removed the frontier army, established to prevent their return, if they should attempt it. New explorers, too, sent to repeat the former inquiries, brought them more distinct information about the passes. It was then they said one to another, "Let us return to our valleys;" and a simultaneous feeling seemed to possess them, that there only

were they to find rest for the sole of their foot.

It is now time, however, to give some account of the remarkable leader under whose guidance the scattered Waldenses were concentrated and organized, and who conducted them through the adventurous campaign to be presently described. This leader was Henry Arnaud, one of their clergymen. It would not be easy to decide at the present day how far he was a skilful and faithful pastor, or to discover the extent of his learning as a divine. Of one thing, however, he has left us unquestionable evidence, and that is, of his skill and daring as a military leader. The most trustworthy authorities say that he was born at La Tour, in Savoy, in the year 1641. If so, he must have been in his forty-ninth year when he commanded the expedition. Inquiries have naturally been made as to the early history of so remarkable a man, but without success. It is not known at what time he became one of the pastors of the Waldenses. It is believed, and indeed seems almost certain, that he had some military training before he undertook his expedition; and it has been said that he was a soldier under William III. while he was Prince of Orange — a circumstance probable, but not authenticated. The history we have now to tell of the return of the wanderers is, in a manner, from Arnaud's own lips. The curious old French work known to book-collectors as the *Glorieuse Rentrée* — the Glorious Return of the Waldenses to their Valleys — is generally attributed to him. The title-page, indeed, bears his name, apparently as author; but it is said by some critics that this is an erroneous interpretation, and that it is merely meant to intimate that the return or march, of which the book gives an account, was conducted by Arnaud. We need not take any part in this inquiry. It may be sufficient to state that we believe Arnaud wrote the substance of the book, while it seems likely that it was touched and edited by some other person. It is thus, somewhat after the example of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, a history of its author's own exploits; and it has all the truthfulness of its prototype, and more. In fact, Arnaud's heroic merits are not told by himself — they are only to be inferred. His *Glorieuse Rentrée* is faithfully devoted to a history of the endurance and heroism of the ordinary followers, whether we call them army or congregation; and it is only from the compact order in which they proceeded, their constant state of preparation for the strange difficulties of the route, and the skill with which they fought their enemies, that we become aware of the great capacity of their commander — a capacity which was afterwards discovered

by the discernment of Marlborough, and became serviceable in the most memorable of his battles.

The first object to be accomplished was the general assemblage of those who were to participate in the expedition, at some place well suited for making a sudden movement. There were several conditions necessary for such a spot. It must be on the way to Savoy — it must be a place where they could be easily concealed — and yet it must be in the midst of population, that they might obtain provisions without becoming too conspicuous. The selected spot was near the town of Nyon, on the north bank of the Lake of Geneva, and about twenty miles south of Lausanne. There, at the period of the Revolution of 1688, a dense forest existed, in which above 1000 people could conceal themselves, gathering their supplies from the fruitful country around, without exciting a degree of attention which, by arousing the suspicion of the representatives of the despotic powers, might be fatal to their project. Of course, it was quite well known to the neighbors in the canton of Vaud that the Waldenses, whose history was so strange and romantic, were lurking in the wood of Nyon. The news spread, indeed, so far among the Swiss, that many of them sailed across the Lake of Geneva to see the adventurers — a circumstance which, as we shall presently see, was of great importance. But their proceedings were not watched solely by friends. A young gentleman named Prangin, who had but lately acquired an estate in the canton, heard of the strange gathering of men in the forest, and, anxious to gratify his curiosity, he penetrated its recesses till he saw them engaged in their devotions, with Arnaud officiating as their clergyman. The young man posted to Geneva, to inform the French resident there of what he had seen; and the resident, who apparently knew much better how to account for the gathering and their forest devotions than his inexperienced informant, sent a despatch to Lyon for troops. The Waldenses, who were under skilful guidance, and had excellent information, heard of this step of the French resident, and knew that it would have formidable consequences. In their wrath, they compared the young gentleman to Judas, though, as he was no follower of theirs, the reproach was inapplicable. But they wisely considered that they had more serious business before them than calling names, and they resolved immediately to commence the enterprise for which they were assembled.

They embarked on the night of Friday, the 10th of August, 1689, on the Lake of Geneva. In doing so they were as fortunate as they were audacious. Some boats they had hired or impressed, but these were not nearly suffi-

cient for their purpose. The vessels, however, of the people, who, led by curiosity from the other side of the lake, had come to inquire about the mysterious strangers in the forest of Nyon, were at hand, and were seized for the purpose of the expedition. They considered this success, as well as many other wonderful circumstances in their career, to be proofs of a special Providence working in their favor. The marvellous successes they afterwards achieved seem, indeed, to have been in some measure the result of such belief; but their assemblage in the wood of Nyon, with the other skillful arrangements for their embarkation, may be safely attributed to the military sagacity of Arnaud, aided by the funds placed at his disposal by King William. In fact, the assemblage was not a complete one; for about one hundred and fifty of the exiles, who were upon their march from some of the more distant spots occupied by the refugees, were seized at the instance of the representative of Spain or of France, and marched as prisoners to Turin. Nor was the movement of the little fleet of boats across the lake quite complete. Some boatmen, who were hired or impressed, escaped, and prevented a part of the body from joining their comrades. The whole number who landed were thus considerably short of 1000.

On his arrival at the other side of the lake Arnaud converted himself at once from the pastor into the general. To complete the change, he took the feudal-sounding name of Latour, from the place of his birth. He placed sentinels or detachments at the spots near the landing-places from which any dangerous surprise might seem probable. He then proceeded to arrange and officer his little army according to the military rules of the day. It consisted of three main bodies — van-guard, centre, and rear-guard — and was formed into nineteen companies, provided with separate captains. The object now to be accomplished was to march onwards through routes so unfrequented that the army might be liable to meet no greater force than it could with prudence encounter. On the main routes there were great fortifications and abundant troops. A compromise had thus to be made between the natural difficulties of the route and the dangers from the enemy. Had they been peaceful travellers they would have proceeded up the Valley of the Rhône, and crossed by the St. Bernard, accomplishing the journey through a single great pass. They found it necessary, however, to take the less frequented route by the banks of the Arve towards Salanches. It is now well known as the approach to Chamouni. But neither were the picturesque glories of this valley then known to the world, nor had it been discovered that the vast mountain-range, which overshadows it, is crowned by the loftiest summit in Eu-

rope. The scanty inhabitants of the remote valley of Chamouni, of course, knew the vastness and the dangerous character of the mountains around them; but so far as the rest of the world was concerned, they were no better known than the recesses of the Rocky Mountains in America. Thus the districts now swarming with tourists, would be solitary enough at the time of Arnaud's march. In passing, however, through the lower country that leads to the mountains, the little army had to cross much rich and fruitful soil, with here and there feudal castles and fortified towns. The country, in all probability, except that it is now more crowded with travellers, has undergone little change since that day. It contained, perhaps, the same luxurious gardens, full of apple and plum trees and spreading vines; altogether, the small towns of to-day, still surrounded by their primitive fortifications, have a hoary appearance, which carries their date much further back than even the days of Arnaud. The scenery is beautiful; the rich garden-fields sometimes leading to the base of huge perpendicular limestone cliffs, from which waterfalls, of great height, but of small bulk, leap into the air, and reach the ground in scattered showers, dispersing clouds of dew, tinted with ever varying rainbows. But although they passed in the middle of August, when the tourist finds these beauties all in their highest perfection, it may be easily believed that the little band had too many important matters in view to devote their thoughts to the scenery.

In the first day's march they reached the bridge of Marigni. The feudal gentry and the peasantry, as they passed, looked at them with astonishment. One of the former, seeing that they were peasants, and not under any feudal banner, rode up to the head of the column, and haughtily told them to throw down their arms. They laughed at him, and seized him as a hostage. As they proceeded a little further on, they were met by some gentlemen at the head of a band of armed peasants. Seeing only the van-guard of the Waldenses, they thought themselves a sufficient force to offer resistance; but when the centre came up, they discovered their mistake, and desired to retreat. The peasants were permitted to do so, but their leaders were seized as hostages, and compelled to march in front of the army. They thus, from the first, adopted the singular and bold policy which afterwards guided their movements — that of keeping always within their power several hostages of importance, whose safety would be compromised by any attempt to interrupt them. With calculating forethought, they used the power thus obtained to facilitate their progress. They told these hostages, facetiously, that they were only required to accompany the army, to testify to its orderly

conduct and its honesty in paying for everything taken. They did not leave this, however, to be attested afterwards, but made their hostages assist at the moment in spreading the desired impression. Thus having caught one man, as we have seen, of great local importance on their first day's march, they made him write a letter, exaggerating their numbers, and testifying to their moderation. This was sent on in advance, and contained the following passage:—

"These people have arrived here, amounting to 2000. They have requested us to go along with them, that we may certify our opinion of their conduct, which, we are able to assure you, is perfectly reasonable. They give compensation for everything they take, and desire only to have a free passage. We therefore entreat you not to sound the tocsins or beat the drums; and to dismiss any men who may be under arms."

Next morning, which was Sunday, they reached, about ten o'clock, the ancient town of Cluses, the capital of Faucigny, just then beginning to acquire its reputation for making the works of watches. The inhabitants were warlike, and, by the grant of ancient privileges, were feudally attached to the House of Savoy. They manned their walls, and showed themselves resolved to defend their town, and dispute the passage. Situated as it is in the narrow gorge of the Arve, where the spurs of the Alps shoot out, it was impossible to pass through the valley without traversing the town. Not being possessed of cannon, it was impossible that the expedition should take the well-fortified place by assault. But here the influence of their system of hostages was brought to bear. It was given out, that, if a peaceful passage through the town were denied, these hostages would be put to death; and men under the powerful impulses which influenced these Waldenses would, beyond a doubt, have been as good as their word. One of the hostages, named De Fova, sent a message, begging that the town would comply with the demand, pathetically representing their own danger, and testifying to the peaceful and moderate conduct of the Waldenses when not meddled with. Three gentlemen came out to treat with the army, which, according to its usual practice, took possession of two of them as desirable hostages, and allowed the third to return to the town, accompanied by one of its own officers. This officer was asked to show the order of march for the corps according to the practice in regular armies; but he haughtily answered, that the Waldenses carried it on the points of their swords. The permission to pass through the town was now granted. Arnaud posted his own sentinels at the gate of exit, to prevent treachery, and while the people lined the main street on either side, the little

army defiled through. When they came out at the further extremity, a young gentleman of the district, called La Rochette, courteously asked the officers to dine with him. They were not dining-men, but they contrived to extract hospitality from him on a more extended scale. Keeping him in conversation till they had advanced some distance beyond the town, they took him into custody, and told him he could only obtain his freedom on condition of a cask of wine and five hundred-weights of bread being sent to the army within half an hour. Young La Rochette wrote to his father, and the demand was immediately complied with. Arnaud says he gave ample compensation for what he thus obtained, but of course the amount would be of his own fixing.

The position of the little troop was now extremely critical. Though still among the inhabited districts, through which there was every risk that information of their expedition would be carried onwards, they were now entering narrow defiles where a petty force well arranged could annihilate them. Through the bottom of the valley rushes the deep, unfordable Arve, that glacier torrent which issues full-born from the very bosom of Mont Blanc. Swollen with recent rain, it sometimes overflowed the narrow road, which ran at the foot of lofty precipices, sometimes overhanging it. The great anxiety of the leader, at this juncture, was to intercept any possible warning to the next town, Sallanches, which might have the effect of drawing out an intercepting party. They saw some children running in the direction of Sallanches, and, fearing that the errand might be to give information, they turned the urchins back. They discovered that a servant in the employment of one of their hostages had insinuated himself among their ranks; and having searched him, they found letters addressed to the chief persons of Sallanches, desiring them to attack the expedition in front, while the citizens of Cluses fell upon it in the rear.

Having taken possession of one or two more hostages, they came to a critical part of the march—the approach to Sallanches. Here they must cross a fortified bridge, with or without a permission. Their hostages had now reached the considerable number of twenty; all men of importance in the district. The army was divided into platoons, to force the bridge, and in the centre of one of them, kept in reserve, stood the hostages. Six of the principal persons of the place, approached to parley, and, according to the established practice, were seized. Two of them, however, were sent back, to offer the citizens half an hour to make up their minds. It was again intimated that the hostages would be put to death, and they were prompted to urge strongly their desperate condition, by the ap-

pearance of 600 men turning out to guard the bridge. Matters now grew serious. If an actual conflict occurred, the hostages would be slain beyond a doubt. Arnaud and his men were beginning to have a confidence in their predestined success, and treated all opposition with scorn. An incident in which the chief showed, by his own account, somewhat questionable morality, now occurred. Two friars came to say, that if the hostages already in custody were given up, two eminent men of the city would be given in their stead. Arnaud avows that he encouraged the proposition, not with the least intention of giving up their valuable body of hostages, but that he might seduce the two eminent men of the city into his ranks, and take possession of them. When they made their appearance, they were at once detected, by the quick-sighted Arnaud, not to be by any means men of condition, but very humble citizens, one of them not having succeeded in concealing the indications of his occupation as a miller. Arnaud, while glorying in the cleverness of the much deeper trick which he himself designed to play, expressed himself in terms of the highest indignation at the treachery and dishonesty of this act. In his wrath, he resolved to seize the friars, to make the hostages up to the expected value. These brothers becoming alarmed at the state of affairs, took to their heels, and an amusing scene was afforded by their pursuit and capture. These were the most valuable hostages they had yet caught; for when any of the Savoyard peasantry offered resistance, the friars, threatened with instant death if any violence were committed, prayed most lustily that the expedition might be allowed to proceed in safety. The troops now marched forward. No attempt was made to hold the bridge, but the armed citizens of Sallanches being drawn up on either side of the road, the Waldenses marched between them. They proceeded onwards to a village called Cablau, where they slept, after a fatiguing day's march.

They had now passed the open and more populous country, and had to encounter the new dangers of the passes of the Alps; dangers such as modern travellers can only faintly conceive, by supposing themselves under the necessity of climbing the precipices, instead of following the paths cut through them. On the lower slopes of these mountains the traveller at this day passes in clusters the *châlets*, or cottages, of those who keep cows and goats. Their strange blackness makes them look like so many hearses, or like the pictures one sees of a South-sea *maori*. The roofs stretch over the walls, like great black bonnets, and huge stones are fastened on them, to prevent them from being carried off by the mountain tempests. Some of the beams of these buildings bear old quaint inscriptions, and they have in general so an-

tique an air, that one might imagine them to be the same that witnessed the passage of Arnaud and his band. Coming to some of these *châlets*, the fatigued adventurers refreshed themselves with milk and cheese, for which, their historian vouches, they would have paid, had they found any one authorized to receive the money. The first very high ground they had to pass was the Haute-Luce; and this being covered with mist at the time, they maintained that it was so for the purpose of concealing their route from their enemies, and they bore the cold and the danger to which it exposed them with heroism. The pass was at that time without any track, and could only be threaded by the aid of an experienced guide. A carriage-road over it was recently projected, for the convenience of tourists — who have here many fine views of Mont Blanc and the surrounding scenery — and this has perhaps ere now been finished. The guide they first obtained blundered, wandered in the mist; and they then sent a detachment to bring up some peasants to act in that capacity. They, too, adopted circuitous paths, and their good faith seemed questionable. Arnaud, however, who never hesitated at a strong measure, assured them that if they did not act fairly, he would at once hang them. After having, with great fatigue and risk, passed the ridge of the hill, they came to a narrow upland valley, where, darkness descending, they had to pass the night in the cold and rain. There stood in the valley a few shepherds' huts, and, having only the choice of seeking their scanty shelter, or pulling them down for firewood, and sleeping in the open air, they chose the latter.* The valleys here are extremely narrow; and they thus look so deep, that it might be thought it were scarcely possible for the sun to reach them. One pities the scanty population whose lot is cast in such a place. The tourists who penetrate thither are the young, strong, and adventurous; for it generally demands a considerable amount of exertion to get at them. But the adventure is extremely interesting, since it brings one in a few hours to the two extremes, as it were, of human existence; warmth, verdure, plum-trees loaded with fruit, vines, and handsome, comfortable inns, are left behind, and in a few hours the adventurer is among stones and ice, a cold, misty, stormy sky, and a people little further advanced in civilization and enjoyment than the inhabitants of Kamtschatka. The people of the valleys have im-

* The hamlet is called, in the *Rentrée*, St. Nicholas de Verose; but Mr. Brockedon, the author of the *Passes of the Alps*, who traced the journey of the Waldenses, post by post, says there is precisely such a desolate valley near the pass, but that St. Nicholas de Verose is a pleasantly-situated town further down the valley.

proved with the general civilization of Europe; those of the upper glens or alps are probably, unless where the district is much frequented by tourists, little different from what they were in the days of Arnaud.

The journey of the adventurers on the fourth day lay over another difficult pass, which has received the name of the Col du Bon Homme, or Pass of the Good Man, from a benevolent person who built a refuge there for belated travellers. This pass is well known to tourists of the present day. As it has always been somewhat conspicuous as one of the secondary passages through the Alps, the Waldenses expected to be attacked before they left it. In fact, they saw a line of rude mountain-forts, which had been built for the very purpose of opposing their return; but the government, ceasing to expect such an attempt, had some time previously withdrawn the troops. The Waldenses, however, trusting to their destiny, advanced to storm them; and they seem, indeed, to have been rather disappointed at finding only empty walls. As they descended towards the valleys, lying between two severed chains of the Alps, they saw a band of armed peasants prepared to resist them. The place had several small villages; and as their approach was rumored, every steeple sent forth an alarm-peal. They found a bridge over the Isere barricaded with trees and beams, and preparations made for resistance. The resolute aspect of the little army, however, intimidated the people, and they removed the obstruction with all haste. Here the expedition made an addition to their stock of hostages, in the persons of two priests. The seignior of the Valley of Isere, knowing their desire to get possession of people of his class, put spurs to his horse, and narrowly escaped. This practice of seizing hostages had indeed become a subject of jocularly with those who suffered from it. The hostages used to say to Arnaud, when they saw a person of apparent consequence: "There, now, is a fine bird for your cage." On their fifth day, the army performed a feat in the kidnapping department which looks somewhat harsh. In the little town of St. Foy they received a warm and hospitable reception, the people expressing admiration of their courage and perseverance. Some of the neighboring gentry asked the wanderers to sojourn for awhile among them, to recruit their strength. Many of the soldiers were desirous of yielding to this tempting offer; but Arnaud, so far from permitting a halt, seized the hospitable individuals as hostages, saying, he had no doubt their proffered kindness covered some wicked plot. Arriving on the sixth day at the little town of Tignes, they remembered that here their spies had suffered the detention and annoyance already mentioned. They named a certain sum of money, which they

said had been taken from the spies, demanding repayment; and it was not for the inhabitants to deny the accuracy of the charge. On receiving the sum, the invaders made a selection from the principal citizens, and conferred on two priests and an advocate the distinction of being transferred to their cage. They next proceeded to Bassans, where they described the conduct of the inhabitants as so insulting, that they were absolutely forced, for the vindication of their honor, to carry off some mules, the curé, the chamberlain, and six other persons. On the seventh day, they ascended the well-known pass of Mont Cenis, now traversed by one of Napoleon's magnificent roads, but then only boasting a mule-track, if it could be said to have a path at all. Before ascending the mountain, the Waldenses took much credit for dismissing one of their clerical hostages, who was so old and fat that it would have been extremely difficult to drag him up the ascent. The traveller of the present day associates Mont Cenis with some great fortifications, an easy ascent, grand views, and a capital inn. "The lake," says Mr. Brockedon, in his *Passes of the Alps*, "is celebrated for the delicious trout which it yields; and not only with these are the travellers on the Cenis abundantly provided, but with excellent wines, bread, and meat; and the intercourse with the plains of Piedmont is so constant, that fruits, fresh and delicious, are found at the inn. Game, too, in season is rarely wanting to the traveller's repast on the Cenis, particularly in August, when great quantities of grouse are taken on the surrounding mountains."

Even at that time, however, being a frontier pass between Savoy on the one hand, and France and Switzerland on the other, there was a post or guard-house at Mont Cenis; and the expedition, therefore, might expect to be attacked, or, at all events, to have news of their march sent onward through the country. To prevent the latter misfortune, they sent forward a detachment, who seized all the horses at the post. Returning, they met a train of mules carrying baggage, of which the party took possession. This was found to be the baggage of Cardinal Angelo Ranuzzi, papal legate to France, who was on his return to Rome. Arnaud boasted that he compelled the party to restore the seizure—all but a watch, of curious construction, which was somehow lost sight of. But they retained something else of a far more valuable character—the cardinal's private papers, which one is not able to believe were kept through mere inadvertence. These opened up many state secrets, which no doubt could be turned to account by Arnaud or his patron, William III. The loss to the cardinal was very serious; it is said that the publication of some matters found in these papers

prevented him from being raised to the popedom; and he soon afterwards died, lamenting with his latest breath the loss of his papers. It was at this part of their journey, when they were in a manner in sight of home, that the wanderers were subject to the greatest dangers and hardships. In these high regions, snow-storms often occur, even in the month of August. These are an object of the deepest solicitude to the traveller, for they not only overwhelm him in the fearful whirl of icy particles driven before the wind, but immediately obliterate his path, covering everything — rocks, glaciers, and morasses — with one uniform deep veil of white. The expedition does not appear to have actually encountered one of these hurricanes or *tourmentes*, as they are termed, but they found the ground covered with the fresh snow which had been left by a storm just over; and, either from design or inability to find the path so obscured, their guide led them astray. A portion of the band, overcome with fatigue, fell back, and spent a fearful night among the woods which border the ascent. The rest arrived in the valley, and were able to recruit themselves by the side of some camp-fires.

They had now travelled for eight days, and, without firing a shot, or meeting with serious resistance, almost reached their destination. Their hardships from the ruggedness and difficulty of the country might be said to be over, while those from the enemy had yet to begin. They took the direction of Chaumont, above Jura, and learning that the peasants, aided by a French force, were trying to make the narrow Valley of the Jaillon impassable, by rolling stones down the bank, the van-guard was ordered to advance. They sent forward one of their captains, accompanied by two of their priest-hostages, to negotiate. Here they were paid somewhat in their own coin, for the priests made their escape, and the captain was seized and bound. It was impossible to storm this pass, and the only method of gaining their end, was to climb the rugged side of the hill, and outflank the enemy. They accomplished this difficult operation under the cover of their marksmen; but the fatigue was so dreadful to the hostages, who were compelled to scramble on, that some of them prayed to be put to death. When the main band halted, after this affair, and made a muster, they found their number greatly weakened, from losses by death and capture.

As they approached the Toulriers, an offshoot where they had an ascent to make, they found 200 men drawn up, as if to dispute the passage. Their commandant, however, said, that if the Waldenses would take a route higher up the hill, and would not insist on forcing a passage through his post, he would not go out of his way to molest

them. They observed, however, on adopting this arrangement, that the troops crept after them, and from various hints which they received, suspected that they were to be attacked in front and rear. The place chosen for an attempt effectually and conclusively to defeat their enterprise, was the bridge over the Dora, in the Valley of Salabertrand. When they had come within a mile and a half of this point, they counted thirty-six camp-fires, and saw that they must prepare to meet a formidable force. In fact, if we may believe the Waldensian statement, there were placed to defend the bridge 2500 picked French troops, well entrenched; while they themselves, reduced to some 600 or 700 men, were exhausted with fatigue and privation. They were received by a general fusilade, which passed almost harmless, from Arnaud ordering his men to fall on their faces. It is impossible to obtain a more distinct impression of what followed, than that the Waldenses, rushing on, gained an immediate advantage over the enemy, and, after two hours of hard fighting, obtained a complete victory, with the loss of only thirteen men. There was a fearful slaughter, not only during the contest, but afterwards. When they were tired with killing, and it appeared that the enemy were either slain or fled, a discovery was made that some of them had mixed themselves up with the victors. Those who did so must have been peasants, not French soldiers, otherwise their uniform would have betrayed them. It was determined to give these refugees no quarter. The password of the day was "Angrogna," but the strangers had not picked it up correctly, and generally to the *qui vive* they answered something like "Grogne." The effect of any imperfection in the pronunciation was always fatal, and in this manner 200 were killed. One would have thought that the policy of this small body, surrounded by a host of enemies, who must, in the end, be able to overwhelm them, would have been one of mercy and generosity to the vanquished, as founding a claim of reasonable treatment for themselves. But their victory at Salabertrand was but the commencement of a career of remorseless cruelty. They saw in it the direct interposition of Providence, and believed themselves, like the Jews of old, in the special hands of the Almighty, who was sending them with the sword to lay on and spare not — to smite the Amalekites hip and thigh. It is a sad thing to remark, how often this ferocious spirit appears to have overtaken men who professed to be struggling for Christian liberty. The apologists of the Waldenses have said that they had no means of keeping prisoners, and that it was necessary to put every enemy they met to death, to prevent the news of their approach from being carried forward. But if such a necessity were any

justification of these savage slaughters, it had no foundation in fact. Though they slew all who fell into their power, they could not kill all who saw them, and the news of their march must have spread all the more rapidly and alarmingly from the cruelties with which it was accompanied.

This battle produced to the victors an immense booty, the most valuable part of which was a supply of arms and ammunition far beyond their requirements. Thirteen chests were broken up; and the hardy mountaineers, whose wardrobes were, it may well be believed, attenuated enough, now paraded in French military finery. But they were not to be tempted, according to the general practice of peasant victors, to submit themselves to easy luxury, and enjoy their spoil. Their commander appears to have allowed them no rest. That night they left the battle-field, and climbed the hill of Sei, which hangs over it, by moonlight. Many of them dropped down in the way from fatigue; but when the sun rose next morning, which was Sunday, the main body from the top of the hill looked almost down into the valleys which they had been so ardently struggling to regain. The time and place well suiting, a great thanksgiving was held, and the little army performed its religious services, as it fought and marched, under the leadership of the warlike pastor. When they descended into the valleys beyond, they found themselves in a mixed population, partly Roman Catholic, and partly their own Protestant brethren. The priests of the former fled, and hid themselves—a prudent resolution; for the Waldenses, flushed with victory, were not to be safely encountered. They complained that their brethren received them with much more caution and less cordial hospitality than they had expected; but they were only in what had been originally a thin outskirts of the Protestant population, which had, owing to late events, relapsed in a great measure into Catholicism. Next day, they had but a short evening-journey, having rested during the greater part of the forenoon. When they reached the foot of the Col du Pis, they found it occupied by a body of Savoyard troops, who, on their approach, took to flight, for they had now established for themselves a reputation of terror. Eight of the Savoyard guard afterwards approached too close to the adventurers, and were seized. They were told to pray before being shot; and the historian of the enterprise remarks that they did not seem to know how to do so—probably they were overcome with confusion at their stern and sudden doom. Next day, forty-six soldiers were seized, and shot on the bridge of the Balsille. The adventurers now found it necessary, however, to be cautious and discriminating in their executions, lest they should kill any of their own people.

They allowed some to escape, whose faith was dubious, to avoid this risk; but they seem always to have put Roman Catholics to death, having a special enmity against those of them who had renounced their own faith. They did not admit the claims of sex to mercy, and near the convent of Angrogna, shot two peasant women. On Wednesday, the 28th of August, the twelfth day of their strange march, they entered one of their own valleys at Pralis. Here they found a Catholic church, which had been built since their expulsion, and burned it; but they had the satisfaction of finding their old parish church still standing. They removed the altar and other furniture of the Roman Catholic service, and sung the seventy-fourth Psalm. Arnaud raised for himself at the door a pulpit, from which he could be heard both from within and from without, and preached to his enthusiastic army from the 129th Psalm: "Many a time have they fought against me from my youth up."

Thus, by a succession of events, which appeared in their own eyes miraculous, the little band had fought their way to what they counted their own possessions in the very heart of a hostile country. The whole continent of Europe, indeed, with the exception of the Swiss cantons and distant Holland, might be counted their enemies. Seeming to deem themselves totally irresponsible to man, they had shown no compunction or conciliation, but had acted like a force of overwhelming strength when its passions are let loose on a powerless enemy. With such a hoard of vengeance laid up in store against them, it was hopeless to attempt to escape. In no history have we any account of men who seem in the position of being more certainly doomed to destruction, than the handful who had thus forced themselves into the midst of their enemies. Nor, even if they should succeed for awhile in defending themselves in rugged, inaccessible places from the vast forces which France and Savoy would pour upon them, could they be the nearer a solution of their difficulty. Their project was, to live in peace again in their valleys with their wives and children, enjoying their own religion. Nothing could seem more hopeless than the accomplishment of this end through the methods adopted by them. We hear nothing of the existing position of the widows and children—they must have been left behind, living on the bounty of those Swiss who had so hospitably entertained their husbands and fathers. Men, and these of the hardest and most fearless nature, could alone march in the expedition. But if they had expected any better fate than that of leaving their blood in their beloved valleys, they must have looked forward to the necessity of bringing their families after them; and to accomplish this,

they must have fought so successfully as to be in the condition of demanding an honorable peace. What was the actual event, we shall presently see; but on their coming to the successful termination of their frightful march, nothing could seem more hopeless than their position. They seemed, however, never to view it in this common-sense light. They had a predestinarian light of their own, through which they saw their fate, and they fought on like men actually expecting to conquer with the edge of the sword a quiet settlement in the heart of their enemies. On the thirteenth day of their campaign, they saw a body of Savoyard soldiers posted advantageously on the Col du Julier. The advanced posts called out to the Waldenses: "Come on, limbs of the devil! We are three thousand strong!" This was probably a great exaggeration; but it was all one to these children of destiny how many the enemy were. On they rushed — the soldiers abandoned their posts, and retreated. There was the usual slaughter of prisoners, and again a rich booty fell into the hands of the victors. They lost in this affair just one man, commemorated by name as Joshua Mundon of Luzern. The retreating enemy took refuge partly in the convent of Villar, partly in the town of Bobi. The latter post was seized by assault; the soldiers who did not escape were put to death; and the inhabitants, wisely dreading such masters, left their property behind them, and fled. At the commencement of their career the Waldenses had been very moderate and just in their treatment of property; but now a total change had come over them, and they pillaged the town with the expertness and avidity of practised soldiers. Though the shooting of the prisoners was always deemed a good act, and was done by regulation, the pillage was not thus sanctioned. Arnaud and his immediate staff, however devoted they may have been to the religious opinions of their brethren, knew that correct discipline was a paramount necessity in such a force. Like all remarkable commanders, he showed his capacity for meeting the enemy by his ability to overcome the lawless propensities of his own followers. He saw in the sack of Bobi that they were becoming licentious from success and abundance of booty, and he appointed a new rule of discipline, which was sanctioned by an oath. The Waldenses took this oath with all the stern enthusiasm of their character. It required that none of them, who might be worsted in straggling parties, should treat with their enemies of the French or Piedmontese government without the concurrence of the rest; all should act together, and none were to buy safety, or any other advantage, at the cost or risk of their brethren. In this oath, they swore to be entirely obedient to their officers, putting at their disposal all

prisoners and plunder. They agreed, under heavy penalties, to abstain from rifling or searching the dead, wounded, or prisoners, whether during battle or afterwards, leaving the task to selected and accountable officers. The officers had two different duties characteristically imposed on them: the one to see that all the men under them were well appointed in arms and ammunition; the other, to suppress every symptom of blasphemy or profanity. One is reminded in this of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides, with their correct discipline and equally systematic devotion; and it is worth remembering, that it was through the vigorous and commanding councils of Cromwell that this little body of Waldenses was allowed to retain its existence. They seem to have adhered to the traditions of their mighty friend. The oath concluded with a solemn engagement to rescue the brethren from the cruel Babylon, and re-establish the Saviour's kingdom — striving for that end unto death.

The journal of their proceedings still goes on with the same regularity, but it does not possess the same interest as when they advanced day by day nearer to their destination. It is for some time a chronicle of skirmishes and common-place military incidents, with little variety. The very success of the Waldensian band becomes irksome. They never meet an enemy, but to be victorious; and yet, until the singular climax of their history arrives, they never seem nearer to the secure rest they are in search of. In this somewhat monotonous routine, however, some incidents are characteristic and amusing. The propensity for taking hostages still remained. On one occasion, however, it was adapted to a very serviceable purpose. Two of their number, who had some medical skill, having been lost at an early period of the expedition, they felt extremely the want of medical assistance for their sick and wounded, and set about remedying the deficiency in their usual abrupt and practical manner. In fact, they stole a surgeon from the enemy! The poor man, knowing well the fate of so many who had fallen into the hands of these fighting zealots, was naturally in great alarm; but they soon put him at his ease, and made him feel that he was far too valuable a person to be hastily destroyed.

Another incident in their desultory operations at this period is curious. In a slight skirmish, where a detachment had to meet on a road a superior number of the enemy, they kept themselves under cover by rolling casks before them. In a wine-country, these of course were abundant; and it is not difficult to suppose that, in a petty skirmish, where there was no cannon, they might form a sort of movable fortification.

A kind of exceptional incident in this war

was the siege of Villar, the convent to which a portion of the Savoyard troops had retreated. It was strong, and not to be easily stormed. The garrison, however, was known to be short of provisions; and the Waldenses, whose feats in general were accomplished by headlong valor, varied their system by trying a blockade. And thus, in the midst of an enemy's country, and with the finest troops in the world at no great distance, and likely every moment to sweep them away as with a whirlwind, they set deliberately about that operation which is only conducted by great armies, conscious of security in their own overwhelming strength, and patient accordingly. Two or three efforts were made to raise the siege—always baffled by the vigilant and fortunate Waldenses. When attempts were made to throw provisions into the monastery, they were of course seized; and very welcome they were, for the besiegers were subject to privations worse even than those of the besieged; we hear of their feeding on bruised chestnuts and on apples, in extremely small quantities. Yet they seem never to have lost heart or confidence; and the escape of the garrison of the monastery, who had seemed to be delivered into their hands, was a worse mortification to them than their privations. In their extremities of need, however, the most unaccountable accidents supplied their wants. At one time they stumble on a mule laden with provisions; at another, a cask of wine is found on the road, abandoned by its guardians, terrified by their approach. Such were their capricious supplies, appearing to their eyes as if laid down for their use, like manna, by the direct interposition of Providence. They still, however, were sadly attenuated, from the want of regular provisions; and if they had had the slightest fear that the arm of flesh could injure them, they must have been startled by the fact that there they were, about 600 men, with the armies of France and Savoy closing round them. They reconnoitred a strong fort at Perrier, with a garrison of 150 men, and took credit for their abstinent prudence in not attempting to storm it. It was on the 7th of September, or the twenty-second day of their campaign, that they abandoned this enterprise; two days later, they achieved a most gratifying and profitable capture: it consisted of 180 sheep; and they ate their mutton with the greater relish, that it belonged to two rich inhabitants of their valleys, who had deserted their faith. The sheep were obtained by special marauding expeditions, which seem to have really had at heart the punishment of the apostates, as much as the supply of food for the famishing troops.

From this time until the latter end of October, when the few who survived occupied

the fortress of the Balsille—of the siege of which we shall presently have to give an account—the little scattered force seemed each day and hour on the verge of annihilation, yet alternating this state with extraordinary victories and successes of all kinds. On the day when a fair was held in the town of Perouse, the assembled peasants were startled by a party of the Waldenses rushing into the midst of them, with a group of prisoners whom they had just captured in one of their skirmishes. Finding that two of these were renegades of the deepest dye—having, indeed, served as guides to their enemy, the Marquis de Parelle—they resolved to make them the victims of a remarkable tragedy for the benefit of the surrounding rustics. A gibbet being erected, one of these prisoners was compelled to hang the other, and was then himself shot. It is not surprising that, as the narrative states, the market-people got alarmed, and scampered home to their cottages.

It has been mentioned that the three principal valleys or straths of the Waldenses were St. Martin, Luzern, and La Perouse, territories extremely fertile and valuable. Until repossessed of them the exiles had not accomplished the object of their campaign; but how was it possible that this could be accomplished? Although it might be possible to hold the fastnesses of the mountains against the French and Savoyard armies—which now, according to the Waldensian accounts, amounted to 22,000 men—was it to be dreamed of that they could occupy an indefensible and fruitful country in the face of such a force? Events, however, tended again, in the midst of their dangers and calamities, to make them believe themselves a chosen people destined for success. The Marquis de Parelle having, towards the end of autumn, thought fit to concentrate his forces in the Valley of Perouse, left that of St. Martin so open, that the Waldenses, scanty as were their numbers, took possession of it. They now drafted off a portion of their force to act as flying detachments among the surrounding rocks; and these hardy marksmen had become so expert in guerilla warfare, that they rendered the valley for weeks inaccessible to the occasional bodies of the enemy's troops sent against them, and gained many signal victories. Thus a portion of them were kept in literally peaceful possession of this fruitful valley for a whole month. Of course, the value of such a brief possession depended very much on the particular month to which it extended. In winter, or in seed-time, it would have been of small advantage; but it was the choice month of the year—the harvest month. The peaceful detachment occupied themselves with untiring energy in reaping the harvest of corn, grapes, apples, and nuts, with which the valley was rich, and

the produce was removed to the recesses of the mountains with corresponding celerity. When they had finished their labors, there appeared on the heights above the village of Rodoret a French force, with which it was vain to contend, and the occupants of the fruitful valley were again wanderers. They retreated silently by night, however, and managed to leave behind them considerable field-works, and a general appearance as if the place was occupied, and likely to be bitterly defended; a state of circumstances well calculated to make all who had had experience of their obstinacy halt before attacking them. The Marquis de Parelle was so deliberate in his operations, that they were far away, and beyond all immediate traces, ere he detected their absence. When he approached, gradually and cautiously, the formidable camp, he found there abundance of provisions, and the vestiges of luxurious living; it looked as if the feasters had just left it, but they were far away in storm and darkness.

The long nights had now set in, and the cold of winter was advancing into those lofty regions, bringing to the adventurers new perils and hardships. Their escape from the Valley of St. Martin was one of the most wonderful in their career. They had to pass in utter darkness through a wild country of precipice, torrent, and snow. Their guides wore a sort of cape of pure white linen, that their motions might be distinguishable in the darkness; and for a considerable distance, on more than one occasion, all had to creep on their hands and knees.

It was clear that the guerilla warfare among the rocks and forests could not be carried out in winter, and that the occupation of any of the valleys was hopeless. How, then, were the diminished troops—they now amounted to only 400—to find quarters? At an early period of the campaign their vigilant leader had directed his attention to a post which seems to have been traditionally known as a natural fortification. It was a conical rocky mountain, called the Balsille, standing near the modern fortress of Fenestrelle, which guards the approach to Piedmont, and is thus near the road to Pignerol by the Col de Sestriers, sometimes used by travellers between France and Italy. By an admirable feat of generalship, Arnaud concentrated his poor scattered forces on this spot; and through the carelessness of the multitudinous enemy, this operation, now of vital necessity to the indomitable remnant, was accomplished with hardly any casualties.

Here they fortified themselves systematically and very ingeniously, making such arrangements as showed it to be evidently their design to hold out to the last, and die, if needful, at their posts. To make for their winter accommodation dwelling-places proof

against cannon and musket shot, they cut them like caverns into the side of the mountain. They dug trenches, and made corresponding embankments, seventeen in all, to be defended one after the other, so that the enemy would have to gain them in succession before being masters of the rock. This was the kind of fortification adopted by the early European nations, as we may distinctly see from the many hill-forts still remaining. They were generally erected on conical, regular-shaped hills, where there were few inequalities to enable an enemy to approach under cover; and the Balsille was of the same character, although vastly more lofty and precipitous than the eminences on which such remains are generally found. They had store-rooms for provisions, and an outwork to protect them in ravaging the country. There was an old mill within their line of defences, but the under-stone had been removed. One of them, however, remembered where it was hidden some years before, and they were thus enabled conveniently to grind their grain. The two armies, French and Piedmontese, seem to have early resigned the idea of attacking this fortalice until the ensuing spring; and after an inspection and attack on the outposts, they drew off, telling the garrison to expect them at Easter. The commanders, however, were much provoked at finding themselves unable to protect their friends from the marauding excursions of the holders of the Balsille. These were carried on very systematically, and were the means of effectually victualling the garrison. They made their arrangements so judiciously and cautiously, that they always alighted where they were least expected; and, like the Highland rieviers of old, had the grain or the animals removed to their stronghold before the enemy could collect their forces to intercept them. They attributed it to a providential intervention, that an early winter had overtaken the grain still in some upland fields; so that when the snow thawed in spring, they found it not utterly destroyed, and more accessible than if it had been stored away. Besides their arrangements for procuring provision, they seem also to have preserved a well-organized correspondence with their friends. They received many letters, the tendency of which generally was an attempt to convince them of the hopelessness of their struggle; but they had a trust in their destiny, and would not yield, though in some of these communications they were promised quarter.

On the 17th of April, terms of surrender were proposed to them directly by the Marquis de Parelle, and a council of war was held to deliberate on them. Their answer was respectful, yet firm. They thanked the marquis for his considerate humanity and evident desire to spare them. They stated,

that, as subjects of the Duke of Savoy, they had been in possession of their estates in the valleys from time immemorial, having inherited them from remote ancestors. They had been punctual in paying all the feudal rents and taxes; they had never been turbulent, but, on the contrary, had assisted the government in the preservation of order. In other respects, they had been obedient to the laws, and free from crime. In these circumstances, they judged it grossly unjust and cruel, that, at the desire of foreigners, they should be driven from their inheritance. That they should take arms to recover what they had lost, was but natural; and they said the only way to avoid bloodshed, was to allow them to return to their own in peace. The document was not at all in the tone of hopeless rebels suing for mercy: it seemed, indeed, to evince a full reliance on their ability to make good their point; and their opponents had not time to recover from the surprise occasioned by its manner, when a sally was made by a body of the Balsille garrison, who pushed as far as St. Germain, sweeping all before them, and returning with a valuable booty, after having killed upwards of 100 of the enemy. The garrison was beginning to suffer from a short allowance; and many of them were reduced to extreme debility, when this timely raid provided them with abundance of beef and nourishing soup, and enabled them to recruit their strength. But such an act of course tended to revive the indignation of the enemy. On the last day of April, the acuteness of the Waldensian commanders enabled them to see that there was some movement going on among the latter. In fact, they were creeping slowly round the Balsille, and so cautiously, that, although they were obliged to sleep on the snow, they lit no fires, lest their movement should be discovered.

There was one point from which the Balsille was supposed to be particularly liable to attack; it was a ravine entering deep in its side, and capable of affording cover to an enemy. There Arnaud had raised his most formidable works, consisting in a great measure of barriers made of felled trees, with large stones above them, while on either side there were heaps of stones piled on the edge of the ravine, to be hurled on an attacking enemy. Suddenly, but not without the vigilant garrison being prepared, 500 dismounted dragoons seemed, as it were, to rise from the earth, and make for the barriers. They reached only the extremity of the first, and in vain attempted to pull it down. They were thus at one extremity of the trees, laid lengthwise, while the garrison were at the other. These, almost completely protected, opened a murderous fire on the assailants; and when they were thus thrown into confusion, made a desperate sally, and swept them away. Of

the 500, they assert that not twenty returned, and that they themselves did not lose a man. Two were made prisoners; and they were shot in attempting their escape. They, however, seized another and more important prisoner, Monsieur de Parat, the leader of the attack, whom they had the rare good sense not to put to death. He was severely wounded, however, and required the attendance of a surgeon. Now, it happened that the garrison also wanted such a person, for they had just lost the one they had formerly kidnapped; and they gave every assistance to De Parat's efforts. The plan of communication was by a letter stuck in a cleft stick in a convenient place between the two forces. The surgeon came and was taken possession of like his predecessor. The Waldenses in this affair obtained possession of papers of importance, which explained the nature of the operations to be conducted against them, and put them on their guard. But the French troops, astounded by their reception, retired for some time within their own lines, to devise a more effective system of attack. They were, meanwhile, disheartened by a wild storm of snow which overtook them in the mountains, subjecting them to all the horrors already mentioned as incidents of these Alpine hurricanes.

On the 10th of May, however, the wary garrison argued, from faint but sure symptoms, that the enemy were returning to the attack. This time it was not to be an assault, but a regular siege. Five different camps were formed round the Balsille, while great field-works were raised with turf and woolsacks, and planted with heavy cannon. All the accessible ground was covered with marksmen; and it was remarked that one of the garrison could not show his hat above their own works, but it was immediately hit. The works were brought so near that the besiegers could address the besieged with a speaking-trumpet. Knowing how desperate they were, and that an officer of importance was in their hands, the French now offered them terms, which, in appearance at least, were extremely liberal. They were to receive passports, and each one a gratuity of 500 louis. But whether fearing treachery, or still trusting to their destiny, they refused the terms. Nor were they so completely beset but that they were able to accomplish some of their characteristic feats. They marked the manner in which provisions were sent to the besiegers; and one day, making a rush on the convoy, they cut it to pieces, and secured the provisions. Still, however, it was clear, to all human appearance, that the devoted garrison were coming daily nearer to their doom. Cannon had been planted so as to command the ravine where the abortive attempt had been made, and the 14th of May

was fixed for a general and conclusive attack.

On that day the battery was opened on the defences, and the mounds so industriously raised speedily powdered down under the effect of a cannonade. The Waldenses had to abandon the lower, and pass to the higher defences. In this passage, their enemies expected that the hot fire playing on the Balsille would exterminate them. But here took place one of those events which made the refugees deem themselves the selected objects of divine intervention. They were shielded in their retreat by a fog which hid them from the enemy. It prompts a smile to find that they give up their claim to sagacity in seizing the moment of the fog for accomplishing their retreat, and would rather have it thought that the fog was specially sent to aid it. They were now hard-pressed, and they showed that fatalist ferocity which overtakes men of their kind in such circumstances, by putting their wounded prisoner, De Parat, to death. Thus did they seem, in what might be counted their last act of power, to give a precedent for their own fate.

Looking from the height to which they had now ascended, over the preparations of the enemy, they saw a chain of watchfires that seemed to surround their fortified mountain, and make a daylight all round its base. One of the captains of the Waldenses, however, whose name was Paulat, intimately acquainted with the ground, said there was still a cleft of the rock left unguarded, except by its own precipitous and dangerous nature, through which he declared he could pass undetected, along with any good cragsmen who would run the risk. The project was at once adopted by the whole garrison, for the night had come on in a gloom suitable for its fulfilment, and the whole period from the beginning of darkness to the dawn was before them. They took off their shoes, and were silently guided by Paulat, sometimes having to climb and descend walls of rock, at other times sliding down steep smooth banks. They passed so near the enemy's pickets, that the slightest blunder would have sacrificed them. A petty incident, indeed, showed them in a formidable shape the extremity of their danger. One of them had in his possession a kettle; why he should have been so burdened, it is difficult to imagine. Falling from his grasp, as he scrambled on hands and knees, it fell over the edge of a precipice into the gulf below with a clattering sound, which kettles are wont to make. A sentinel, put instantly on the alert, gave his *qui vive*, to which the kettle made no answer. Endeavors to hear or see anything in the quarter whence the sound came, gave him no indication of human presence there, and indeed the incident seems to have diverted atten-

tion from the higher spot where the refugees stood.

Next morning a successful attack was made on the fortifications of the Balsille, all broken as they were by cannon; but the birds had flown, and the nest was found deserted and cold. Looking from the height they had gained, some far-sighted soldier of the French force pointed out the string of dark figures, several miles off, cutting steps for themselves on the frozen snow of the Guignevert. Though they had weathered the winter in their fortress, and spring had revisited them, yet it was impossible that this handful of men could resist the fate of extermination from the large Piedmontese and still larger French force. A pursuit was immediately commenced; but they had gained some distance, and were rapid in their motions. On the 17th, their track was found; they were overtaken in the direction of Angrogna by a small detachment, which attacked them somewhat rashly, and was defeated with slaughter. This, however, was only a provocation to more signal vengeance. The occurrence took place on a Saturday. Next day they might perhaps expect to be let alone; but on Monday their doom was sealed. So, at least, would bystanders have deemed; but there was at hand a deliverance for them of the most strange and unexpected character.

On Sunday the outposts of the Waldenses found approaching their camp, in peaceful security, two Piedmontese gentlemen named Parander and Bertin. They announced the astounding intelligence, that the Duke of Savoy was now the enemy of France, having joined the allies, and that he desired the aid of the faithful and valorous Waldenses in his armies. They were now on their own ground, under the command of their own monarch; and the French force was an invading army, which they were to assist in driving forth. It has been thought, indeed, that the reason why Louis XIV. sent so many troops against this handful of Waldenses was, that, doubting the faith of the Duke of Savoy, he desired to have a considerable force in that prince's territories; and perhaps, if this was his object, he might not be so eager to accomplish the avowed project which formed an excuse for their being there — the suppression of the Waldenses — as their historian may have supposed.

After some little delay and anxiety, everything was arranged. Arnaud received instructions to garrison, with his faithful followers, Bobi and Villar, and the captives taken from them and confined in the Piedmontese prisons were restored. In the contest which ensued, the Waldensian troops bore a gallant part; and once when, in the reverses of war, the duke had to flee before an advancing enemy, he found refuge among those faithful inhabit-

ants of the valleys whom he had so sternly pursued.

The writer of a romance would stop where his heroes are brought to the good fortune they so well merit; but historical truth must add another fact, showing that the behests of Providence had not shaped for the wanderers the romantic conclusion to their adventures which they themselves believed to be their destiny. Year after year, from the warlike services they performed, and the deference paid to them by the King of Britain, and other Protestant powers, the position of the Waldenses was becoming consolidated, and their privileges enlarged. Numbers of their body, who had long been dispersed in distant regions, found their way back to the homes of their ancestors. Nay, further, French Protestants intermarried with them, and became citizens of their Protestant communities, so that they were ever becoming more numerous and powerful.

But this apparent consolidation of strength was but a preparation for subsequent misfortunes. In July, 1696, the Duke of Savoy detached himself from his allies, and rejoined France. This was the immediate commencement of operations, professedly for keeping the Waldenses from propagating their principles throughout the French dominions. In the treaty there was a provision to this effect: — "His royal highness [the Duke of Savoy] shall prohibit, under pain of corporal punishment, the inhabitants of the Valley of Luzern, known under the name of Vaudois, from having any religious communication with the subjects of his most Christian majesty; nor shall his royal highness permit, henceforth, the subjects of the King of France to establish themselves in any manner in the said valleys; nor allow any preacher subject to him to set foot on the French territory; nor permit the worship calling itself Reformed, in the territories which have been ceded to him." These territories, spoken of as ceded, embraced, indeed, part of the country inhabited by the Waldenses; so that, while they had to dismiss all their lately-enrolled brethren who had come from France, and to avoid all communication with that country, they were compelled to narrow the limits of their territory. An edict was issued on the 1st of July, 1698, for carrying out the treaty. It required all French Protestants to quit the Piedmontese dominions in two months, under pain of death. It shows how extensively these communities had been supplied by immigrants from France, that of their thirteen pastors in 1698, seven required, under this edict, to remove from the country.

About 2000 persons found themselves more or less affected by these restrictions, and made up their minds to emigrate. They set off in seven bands, under their pastors. The Duke of Savoy professed to pay their travelling ex-

penses; but it appears that the sum awarded by him fell far short of what was necessary, and again the wanderers were thrown on the untiring kindness of their friends in Geneva and the Protestant cantons, among whom they sojourned during the winter of 1698. In the mean time Arnaud, with some other delegates, went to arrange for their reception in Würtemberg. They did not now go forth, as before, hopeless, unknown exiles. They had made, by their valor, a diplomatic position among European nations. Arnaud spoke in the powerful name of the courts of England and Holland, from which he had obtained for his people considerable pecuniary assistance. They were received at last into the principality, having assigned to them certain waste lands in the bailiwicks of Maulbronn and Leonberg, with special privileges and immunities. Within four years afterwards, a large body again moved off from Piedmont to join their friends. These consisted chiefly of those descendants of the old Waldenses who most tenaciously adhered to their native country, and were only driven from it by feeling the insuperable character of the pressure brought against them. They were received in the district of Heilbronn, near that occupied by the previous colony, but more Italian in its character, being more clear of forest, and affording better growth to the vine and mulberry. This second colony named their new valleys after those they had left; and their Italian character, far more distinct than in the mixed colony which preceded them, is said to be noticeable at the present day.

The great difficulty in properly settling these immigrants, appears to have arisen from a notion that their religion was exceptional from that of the great Protestant communions; and much pains appear to have been taken to satisfy the authorities that they were virtually Calvinists. Among the special privileges conceded to them, however, there was one which sounds strange, as a condition demanded by Protestants. It was, that their pastors and deacons should be exempt from disclosing in courts of justice secrets committed to them under the seal of confession, unless when involving high treason.

But the reader asks: What has become of the priestly general of the glorious return? His subsequent history is a brief one. Arnaud had tempting offers of military command made to him by King William, and from several other quarters; but he preferred the service of that Master whose kingdom is not of this world, and went with his flock. He officiated for them as pastor in a small rude church in the town of Schömberg, where he died in 1721. There the fane in which he served, and a monument to his memory, are still piously preserved by the descendants of his people.

From the British Quarterly Review.

EUROPE, POPERY, AMERICA.

THE hour of darkness for Europe has not passed away. Might is still in the place of right. The Juggernaut of despotism moves on as heretofore, and its victims—its involuntary victims—are crushed and destroyed beneath its wheels by hundreds and by thousands, day by day, as heretofore.

But times make men, and men are made for times. The genius—the military and political genius—to wield the forces now everywhere waiting for it, will come. This is the great want, and what an age wants, it comes in its time to possess. Providence has its analogies, and its analogies are laws.

In the mean while, our English statesmen have their flatteries to dispense to the oppressors, and their libels to fling at the oppressed—are ashamed that refugees should show themselves patriots, not ashamed that their persecutors should show themselves tyrants—can frown on the madness which breaks forth under the endurance of wrong, and then turn, full of smiles, towards the power which generates the madness, by indicting the wrong.

The words of the leader of our Lower House, to a certain priest-ridden duke, were manly and hopeful. But the spirit which gave England her freedom, is not the spirit of our cabinets or senates. It is in our people, it is rarely found in those who should be their leaders—least of all in that class of our traffickers, who, to “get gain,” can descend to play the sycophant in the presence of arbitrary power, however perjured or bloodstained; and can congratulate a nation, in the sight of all Europe, on the good condition of its markets, as realized at no greater cost than the loss of its liberties.

The season of despotic rule is naturally the season of papal encroachment. Had the recent aggression in this country taken place under our Plantagenets, the tools of the Foreign Priest engaged in it would have been liable to imprisonment, confiscation, and exile. Had the papal letter addressed to the French clergy within the last few weeks, been addressed to that body a hundred years ago, the Bourbon would instantly have suppressed it, as an invasion of the prerogatives of the crown, and of the liberties of the Gallican church. While the present league between the sword and the crozier shall last, no man can say what may not be attempted, nor what may not be submitted to. The worst things ever professed are now professed again; and we see not why the worst things ever done may not be done again. If England and America could be put

out of the way, nothing can be clearer than that the two forms of despotism would divide Christendom between them.

DANCE OF DEATH. — Aqua-ardiente and dulces were handed round; while all, men and women—the dancers excepted—smoked their cigarillos. But the most remarkable thing in the room seemed to me a large kind of scaffold, which occupied the other corner opposite the bed, consisting of a light framework, ornamented all over with artificial flowers, little pictures of saints, and a quantity of small lighted wax-candles. On the top of it, a most extraordinary well-made wax-figure of a little child was seated on a low wooden chair, dressed in a snow-white little frock; the eyes were closed, the pale cheeks tinged by a soft rosy hue, and the whole figure perfectly strewn with flowers. It was so deceptive, that when I drew near at first, I thought it a real child, while a young woman below it, pale, and with tears in her eyes, might very well have been the mother. But that was most certainly a mistake; for at this moment one of the men stepped up to her, and invited her to the dance, and a few minutes afterwards she was one of the merriest in the crowd. But it must really be a child—no sculptor could have formed that little face so exquisitely; and now one light went out, close to the little head, and the cheek lost its rosy hue. My neighbors at last remarked the attention with which I looked upon the figure or child, whichever it was; and the nearest one informed me, as far as I could understand him, that the little thing up there was really the child of the woman with the pale face, who was dancing just then so merrily; the whole festivity taking place, in fact, only on account of that little angel. I shook my head doubtfully; and my neighbor, to convince me, took my arm and led me to the frame, where I had to step upon the chair and nearest table, and touch the cheek and hand of the child. It was a corpse! And the mother, seeing I had doubted it, but was now convinced, came up to me, and smilingly told me it had been her child, and was now a little angel in heaven. The guitars and caecas commenced wildly again, and she had to return to the dance. I left the house as in a dream, but afterwards heard the explanation of this ceremony. If a little child—I believe up to four years of age—dies in Chili, it is thought to go straight to heaven, and become a little angel; the mother being prouder of that—before the eyes of the world at least—than if she had reared her child to happy man or womanhood. The little corpse is exhibited then, as I had seen it; and they often continue dancing and singing around it till it displays signs of putrefaction. But the mother, whatever the feelings of her heart may be, must laugh, and sing, and dance; she dare not give way to any selfish wishes, for is not the happiness of her child secured? Poor mother!—*Gerstaecker's Journey Round the World.*

From the Spectator.

CAPTAIN ERSKINE'S CRUISE AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE WESTERN PACIFIC.*

THE scene of Captain Erskine's cruise is those groups of islands and single islets in the Western Pacific which extend from the Navigators Islands in longitude 170 degrees West to New Caledonia in 165° East, and which may rank among the most interesting and little known regions directly accessible by sea. The genius of Cook recorded their natural and social traits with a discriminating sagacity, which even now excites the admiration of those who follow in his track. Since Cook's day not much has been done to extend his observations, beyond Mariner's account of the Tonga or Friendly Islands. Navigators have touched at many of the places, missionaries have settled or attempted to settle at them, and traders between Sydney and China have frequented the most interesting portion of the whole—the region which forms the easterly extreme of Australasia, consisting of new Caledonia, the Loyalty Islands, and the New Hebrides. The results, however, have not corresponded with the apparent opportunities. From the traders, indeed, we were not likely to learn much; they were as corrupt, as bloody, and for all purposes of philosophical observation as ignorant, as the savages they visited and slaughtered. The missionaries, with some rare exceptions, were deficient in native penetration and largeness of mind, while their primary object naturally gave a color to everything they saw, and as nature predominated in their narratives. Some of them, however, have left valuable pictures of the mental state of the *natural man*, though theology may be more conspicuous than philosophy. Either want of time or of taste has rendered many of the navigators less discriminating, and perhaps less impartial than might be wished. It has been reserved for Captain Erskine to exhibit the fullest and most interesting account of these islands since the great circumnavigator first described them. The object of the voyage and the change of circumstances may be noted as advantages in Captain Erskine's favor; but opportunities are useless to those who cannot use them.

The cruise was one of the first of its kind; being intended as a sort of judicial circuit. Owing in part to the cupidity and treachery of the islanders, but a good deal more to the unprincipled and brutal character of whalers and other traders in these seas, the massacre

of savages and sailors has gone on among the islands, especially among those that form the frontier lands of Australasia. The visits of ships of war to these places have hitherto been casual. Captain Erskine's was a regular cruise for the purpose of observation and judiciary objects; and seems to be the beginning of an annual series, which, efficiently carried out, will be beneficial both to knowledge and humanity. The greater groups visited by Captain Erskine in his voyage of 1849 (for he made a second in 1850), were the Navigators, Friendly, Feejee, and Loyalty Islands, New Caledonia, and some of the New Hebrides. A careful study of the works of his predecessors had made him familiar with the history and characteristics of the peoples, so far as they could be ascertained from books. The size and equipment of his frigate, the absence of trading pursuits, and his position as a queen's officer (for none are better judges of character than many of these savages), gave him great advantages in point of prestige; his own bearing, equally removed from undue familiarity and from the hauteur of the service, and, above all, his reasonable sense of justice, appear to have made a favorable personal impression upon the native chiefs. Every commander who visits the less frequented islands of the Pacific has opportunities of observation in plenty if he can benefit by them. The confidence inspired by a man whom the savage feels he can trust, gives greater opportunities by more freely eliciting his traits.

The opinion formed by Captain Erskine of the moral capability of the worst islanders whom he encountered is more favorable than that of many other navigators; if they were properly treated, he sees in them the germ of goodness. As regards their actual vices, especially their bloodiness, cruelty, and cannibalism, his picture is darker than that of most other men. With that instinctive judgment of character which they possess, they have quickly seen that Europeans hold cannibalism in abhorrence, and have denied or softened the circumstances of the practice. The residence of the missionaries and other white men amongst them has enabled more information to be acquired about the real facts of the case. If truly reported—and there appears no reason for doubt—a dinner of human flesh in some of the islands seems as common a thing as game in Europe; and the more unsophisticated justify the practice on the plea of the want of the larger animals which Europeans have got. In the interior even of the Feejee Islands, and on state occasions, there are regular sacrificial feasts. Like other national customs, man-eating exists without injury to individual character beyond the range of its own effects. Navindi, one of the mildest-mannered and most respect-

* Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, including the Feejees and others inhabited by the Polynesian Negro Races, in her Majesty's Ship Havannah. By John Elphinstone Erskine, Capt. R.N. With Maps and Plates. Published by Murray.

able of the Feejeean chiefs, not very long before Captain Erskine's arrival went out to procure victims, as they ran short for the ceremony, and by means of a skillful ambush kidnapped fourteen women. Their cruelty, as indifferent as that of ignorant children towards animals, is horrible as described. Superstitious usage is at the bottom of much of their barbarism, though sometimes it may save life.

The former Queen of Rewa, whose husband had been put to death during the war, was pointed out to us at a neighboring house; she was a half-sister to Thakombau, and had escaped the usual death awarded to widows, in consequence of there being present no chief of higher rank than herself to perform the duty of strangulation, which cannot be executed in such a case by an inferior. This woman, now of middle age and very corpulent, bore marks nevertheless of the former beauty for which she was celebrated, and which may be judged of from the likeness introduced into Captain Wilke's narrative. Evidence of the extraordinary bloodthirsty character of this people's institutions met us at every step. Having pointed out to Mr. Calvert, when on the hill, two blocks of stone which had been hewn into rude pillars by apparently an European workman, nearly overgrown with grass, he besought me earnestly to take no notice of them; adding, afterwards, that they were intended for a monument or mausoleum to the memory of Tanon's father, but that their erection, if ever it should take place, would most certainly be accompanied by the sacrifice of at least two human victims, it being considered necessary that in works of such a nature, or even in the construction of the house of a ruling chief, a man should be buried alive at the foot of each post, to insure the stability of the edifice.

Thakombau, alluded to in the above extract, is the most powerful chief in the Feejee Islands; a man of magnificent presence, great resolution, and natural sagacity. There are freethinkers among the upper classes even at Feejee, and Thakombau is known "frequently to deride and reprobate many points of his people's faith as mere delusions." Policy or habit has prevented him from adopting Christianity, though he tolerates the missionaries, and he continues the practice of cannibalism; in fact, it was by his orders that Navindi carried off the ladies. After receiving Captain Erskine, and committing the great impropriety (according to Feejeean ideas) of interrupting a speech, when it touched too closely on cannibalism, he accompanied his guest on board the frigate.

After he had dined, the chiefs, observing some pistols in the boat, and always pleased to see the practice of arms of any description, proposed firing at a mark to pass the time. Having thrown overboard some of our empty bottles for the purpose, I had much to do to save my specimens of Feejeean pottery from Navindi,

who could not understand why we should throw away articles which appeared to him of great value, when such common utensils as those he had given to me were at hand. In spite of our efforts to keep ourselves awake, we were all heartily tired before we reached the ship at eleven o'clock. Our Feejeean friends were astonished at her size, the effect of which was increased by the starlight, and on mounting the side seemed for a moment to lose their self-possession, crouching under the bulwark, apparently afraid to advance further. Having been informed, in answer to their anxious inquiries, that every person in the ship had been ordered to treat them as friends, they became reassured, and descended to the cabin, where mats were prepared for their beds, and a space screened in for their occupation. Their curiosity getting the better of their fears, they proceeded on a cruise about the main deck before repairing to their mats; whence I heard them at intervals during the night discussing the wonders they had seen, and no doubt speculating on what was forthcoming on the morrow.

16th August. — Captain Jenner, who slept in one of the side-cabins, was awoke this morning by the awful-looking visage of Thakombau, who had begun early to gratify his curiosity by exploring all the corners of the ship, gazing intently upon him as he lay in his cot. Some of the officers' peajackets, which had been inadvertently handed from the barge into my cabin, had afforded him and Navindi the opportunity of appearing in what they evidently considered full dress, although the heat of the morning caused them to look very uncomfortable, and, soon after breakfast, to lay their adopted clothing aside.

In the forenoon we went to quarters, having previously laid out a target (a hammock, with the figure of a man painted on it) against the face of a conspicuous rock on the beach, at a distance from the ship of 800 yards. Thakombau was evidently in great anxiety until the firing began, although he tried to conceal it; and, when he saw the smallness of the target, expressed some incredulity as to the possibility of our striking such a mark. I furnished him with a spy-glass, and placed him on the bowsprit, where he was not incommoded by the smoke, Navindi, Tui Levuka, and one or two of the latter's followers being also present. Either the first or second shot struck the figure on the head; and, our men being in beautiful practice, scarcely one missed the rock, and a very few rounds were sufficient to knock the target to pieces, which was replaced by one or two others in quick succession. Even the short time necessary for this was too much for Thakombau's impatience, who had now worked himself up into a state of high excitement; and he begged us not to wait, pointing out, first, a man on the beach, and afterwards a canoe with several persons in her, as more worthy our expenditure of ammunition than the inanimate objects we had chosen; evidently considering that his permission would be quite sufficient to satisfy our consciences, and surprised at our scruples. One or two shells, which burst with great precision, concluded the exhibi-

bition, which had greatly astonished all the chiefs. Thakombau, approaching Mr. Calvert said, "This indeed makes me tremble; I feel no longer secure. Should I offend these people, they have to bring their ship to Bau, where, having found me out with their long spy-glasses, my head would fall at the first shot!" Notwithstanding these professed fears, he was most pressing in his entreaties that I would take the ship to Bau; being desirous, doubtless, of exhibiting his powerful allies to his formidable neighbors of Viti Levu.

At the request of Thakombau I took him on shore to the rock against which our target had been placed, to examine the effects of the shot. Large fragments had been knocked off, and were lying on the beach; some of the shot having been broken in pieces, and others, which we dug out, having buried themselves for several feet into the earth, which filled the fissures. He inspected these with a "chuck, chuck" of astonishment; which was increased by an old man bringing, a few hours later, a 68-pound shot, which, having glanced along the top of the rock, had fallen into the ditch of the "kolo," or native village, about a mile distant by the beach, where he had been employed in digging his taro. The old fellow made no complaint, although he must have narrowly escaped with his life.

At dinner-time the chiefs seemed to have lost their appetites; which was explained by the fact of their having already dined in both the gun-room and the midshipmen's birth, feeling, as they told some of the officers, more at their ease among the young people than at their chief's table. They, however, behaved very well, affecting to praise our cookery and style of living; and we afterwards made them several presents in return for those received at Bau. Thakombau seemed somewhat disappointed that I had no arms or ammunition to supply him with; but ample amends were made by Captain Jenner's gift of a lacee scarlet coat and epaulettes, the full uniform of an officer of the guards, which exceeded in magnificence anything he had ever seen before, and was put on with great satisfaction. Navindi was gratified at the same time with a scarlet hunting-coat; and Tui Levuka, who had made great friends with all the officers, especially with the midshipmen, and had received from them many articles of clothing, had also a present of a few trifles allotted to him.

Notwithstanding the highly polished manners of the Feejee chiefs, their strict attention to etiquette, and the high rank of Thakombau, he forgot himself before his departure, under strong temptation.

After Mr. Calvert's departure I became anxious to get rid of my visitors, who seemed by no means disposed to leave me at leisure. It was intimated to them accordingly by Simpson, whom I had engaged to accompany us as pilot to Nandi and Bau, that as I was going on shore to look at some timber which our people were employed in felling (having been bought by Mr. Hannant from Tui Levuka), I was desirous of wishing

them farewell. A parting request for a bottle of brandy was delicately hinted on the part of Navindi; which I granted on condition of its not being opened on board, where they had already been fully entertained; and we took leave, with many mute professions of friendship.

On my return to the ship an hour or two afterwards, I was therefore not a little surprised at the scene which presented itself on entering the cabin. On an arm-chair, with his naked feet resting on another, sat Thakombau, in the guardman's coat; his turban, which had now been worn for three days without change, dirty and disordered; whilst a self-satisfied leer on his bold features proclaimed that the brandy-bottle, which stood uncorked on the table, had been too great a temptation to withstand. On the deck, at his feet, sat, each with tumbler in hand, his boon companions, Navindi and Tui Levuka, in the finest clothes they had acquired on board; the group irresistibly reminding one of that described in *Rob Roy* as encountered by Mr. Osbaldistone and Baillie Jarvie at the clachan of Aberfoil. I pretended to take no notice of the party; which probably hastened their departure in rather an unceremonious manner; Navindi, after corking up the remainder of the brandy, following Thakombau over the quarter of the ship into his canoe; where, seated in a chair (the only one he possesses, and tabued for his use), we saw the chief, after they had shoved off, still dressed in uniform, employed in attending the sheet—a duty always performed by the principal personage on board, but which I should have hardly thought him in a fit state to undertake.

The halo of romance which hangs over the Papuan Archipelago, if New Caledonia and the New Hebrides are included in the name, seems likely to be dissipated on further intimacy. The scenery, as beheld from the ship or from a distance, was often bold or beautiful; but the soil does not appear to be fertile, the climate is not healthy, and the inhabitants have all the vices of the western Polynesians without their strength of character or the variety and advance of their social condition. This is a picture from New Caledonia:—

We were very civilly received by Basset and his brother; who had both visited Sydney and spoke a little English, the former sufficiently well to maintain a conversation tolerably without the aid of an interpreter. He willingly agreed to our proposal to accompany us for a few miles up the river, where he informed us he had another house, which he would be happy to show us; and as we had not much time to spare, we started immediately, to profit by his invitation. Although the weather was not favorable, each turn of the river discovered new beauties, neat, trimly-kept houses, standing often in very beautiful situations on its banks, with well-constructed landing-places, and a few trees placed in regular order on what appeared to be mown lawns. In one or two places I observed a human

skull on the top of a pole planted in a provision-ground; and was assured by Basset that they were the heads of friends preserved as a memento. As the chief, however, looked somewhat confused on giving me this explanation, I was induced to make further inquiry; and found they were the heads of persons, generally women, who had been caught in the act of breaking the "tabu," which, for the purpose of encouraging other cultivation, is periodically placed on the cocoa-nuts. From all we see, it is evident that this part of the country is not generally fertile; but a degree of pains seems to be taken in its cultivation that I never expected to see among savages. The face of the hills above the river is covered with rectangular fields, surrounded by channels for irrigation, which, as far as can be seen from below, is conducted on a careful and scientific system, levels being carried from the streams, which at this season of the year afterwards flow into the river at intervals of a quarter of a mile.

Appended to Captain Erskine's narrative is an account of the Feejeans by a seaman of the name of Jackson, who resided among them for two years. He was employed by the captain as interpreter, and at his wish wrote down in his intervals of leisure an account of his experiences among that people. Jackson appears to have been of a respectable yeoman's family in Sussex, with more education than belongs to the generality of common sailors. His narrative is curious, minute, and exhibitivè of the daily life of the people. It has also an autobiographical interest, as showing the strange variety of scenes the European adventurers or deserters go through in the South Sea.

We will quote from this part one passage describing a burial alive. A young man was ailing; he had lost his appetite, and fearing to be reproached by the Feejee beauties for being a skeleton — shame being an unendurable emotion — resolved to be buried alive. Jackson tried to dissuade him from the sacrifice in vain, and the scene now to be described followed: —

A FEEJEE LIVING INTERMENT.

By this time all his relations had collected round the door. His father had a kind of wooden spade to dig the grave with, his mother had a new suit of tapa, his sister some vermilion and a whale's tooth, as an introduction to the great god of Rage-Rage. He arose, took up his bed and walked, not for life but for death, his father, mother, and sister following after, with several other distant relations, whom I accompanied. I noticed that they seemed to follow him something in the same way that they follow a corpse in Europe to the grave (that is, as far as relationship and acquaintance are concerned), but, instead of lamenting, they were, if not rejoicing, acting and chatting in a very unconcerned way. At last we reached a place where several graves could be seen, and a spot was soon selected by

the man who was to be buried. The old man, his father, began digging his grave, while his mother assisted her son in putting on a new tapa, and the girl (his sister) was besmearing him with vermilion and lamp-black, so as to send him decent into the invisible world, he (the victim) delivering messages that were to be taken by his sister to people then absent. His father then announced to him and the rest that the grave was completed, and asked him, in rather a surly tone, if he was not ready by this time. The mother then *nosed* him, and likewise the sister. He said, before I die I should like a drink of water. His father made a surly remark, and said, as he ran to fetch it in a leaf doubled up, "You have been a considerable trouble during your life, and it appears that you are going to trouble us equally at your death." The father returned with the water, which the son drank off, and then looked up into a tree covered with tough vines, saying he should prefer being strangled with a vine to being smothered in the grave. His father became excessively angry, and, spreading the mat at the bottom of the grave, told the son to die "*faka tamaka*" (like a man), when he stepped into the grave, which was not more than four feet deep, and lay down on his back with the whale's tooth in his hands, which were clasped across his belly. The spare sides of the mats were lapped over him so as to prevent the earth from getting to his body, and then about a foot of earth was shovelled in upon him as quickly as possible. His father stamped it immediately down solid, and called out in a loud voice, "*Sa tiko, sa tiko*" (You are stopping there, you are stopping there), meaning "Good by, Good by." The son answered with a very audible grunt, and then about two feet more earth were shovelled in and stamped as before by the loving father, and *Sa tiko* called out again, which was answered by another grunt, but much fainter. The grave was then completely filled up, when, for curiosity's sake, I said myself, *Sa tiko*, but no answer was given, although I fancied or really did see the earth crack a little on the top of the grave. The father and mother then turned back to back on the middle of the grave, and, having dropped some kind of leaves from their hands, walked away in opposite directions towards a running stream of water hard by, where they and all the rest washed themselves, and made me wash myself, and then we returned to the town, where there was a feast prepared. As soon as the feast was over (it being then dark), began the dance and uproar which are always carried on either at natural or violent deaths. All classes then give themselves up to excess, especially at unnatural deaths of this sort, and create all manner of uproar by means of large bamboos, trumpet-shells, &c., which will contribute to the general noise which is considered requisite to drive the spirit away and deter him from desiring to dwell or even hover about his late residence.

THEY cannot be on the best terms with God who are always quarrelling with mankind.

PART IV. — CHAPTER XIII.

If Lady Lee had been that exceedingly disagreeable character, a perfect pattern of a woman, so often met with in the pages of romance, so seldom, fortunately, in real life, I need hardly say these portions of her history would never have been chronicled. She had a vast number of charming little womanly failings — would give way to pique, vanity, prejudice — was liable to be influenced by all manner of unreasonable reasons, such as rank high in the feminine code of logic, though they could not stand for a moment against Archbishop Whately — was petulant, sometimes wilful, and perhaps capable of bestowing affection without first inquiring whether the object was deserving of it, being quite as likely to be influenced by her taste as her judgment. So I would warn those readers who, with their tastes depraved by a long course of didactic fiction, expect to find her, perhaps, a model for the Widows of England, that she has none of those pernicious excellences which would qualify her for the honor. Any of those approved and respectable heroines who so often refrigerate the reader with visions of unattainable merit, and make him shudder at the idea of the possibility of taking such a bundle of virtues to his bosom, would have found her full of blemishes. Dear Lady Lee! like England, with all thy faults I love thee still — neither of you are the worse for a little uncertainty of atmosphere. Yet how should I have been forced to nip and prune thee, and cocker thee up, hadst thou been that responsible being, the heroine of a tale with a moral; but, thank Heaven! mine has none that I know of. Moral, God bless you, sir, I've none to tell! And I'm not sorry for it, either — though I observe that writers, now-a-days, think so much of their moral, that, when they have not sufficient leisure or art to embody it, they tack on an essay to the beginning or end of a chapter, for fear they should miss their aim — where it looks like a red elbow or horny toe protruding through the finery that clothes the rest of the design. For this reason many devoted novel-readers have begun to taste fiction of late with a mixture of longing and distrust — from the same cause which makes us, for many years previous to adolescence, suspect a latent dose in every spoonful of pleasant insidious raspberry jam.

Lady Lee had sorrowed sincerely for Sir Joseph. She was affectionate by nature; and the baronet had been so dotingly, so reverentially fond of her, and had displayed his fondness in so many acts of generosity and thoughtfulness, that she must have been both hard-hearted and ungrateful to have speedily forgotten him, whereas she was far from being either.

But since her marriage she had undergone a great change — superficially at least. She no longer showed the bright enthusiasm, the repressed hopefulness, that had characterized her of yore. Jumping too quickly, as ladies sometimes do, at a conclusion, she had long ago settled it in her own mind that, having failed to realize in her husband the hero of her imagination, that ideal personage must be an absurd nonentity, to be banished forever from the precincts of her thoughts. In her early widowhood she mourned for Sir Joseph in a calm religious way, and took to going to church many times a-week, bought up all the sermons that she saw advertised for publication (doing horrible violence to her taste by persisting in perusing them), and became a Lady Bountiful to the villagers. Then she dropped down gently from religion to science, and studied chemistry, geology, and botany, though none very deeply; — shuddered over the *Vestiges of Creation*, revered Hugh Miller, and pretended to admire Doctor Paley, whose *Natural Theology* she found entirely convincing on points of which she had never entertained any doubt. In fact, she knew quite as much about science as, some people think, a woman need or ought — enough to give her a new interest in the world she lived in, and to enable her to talk agreeably, though superficially, on the subjects of her studies. She did n't think much for herself on these subjects — few women do, perhaps; and when they do, they had better have let it alone in nine cases out of ten — (no offence, ladies!) — but she was quite capable of appreciating and appropriating the best thoughts of others. Thus she had gone on accumulating ideas and knowledge, which gave solidity to her more exclusively feminine accomplishments, and had qualified herself for being eminently companionable. There was something extremely piquant in hearing the same voice that had just charmed you with the brilliant delivery of a difficult song, or the exquisite grace of a simple one, discourse most excellent music on the Old Red Sandstone and primary formations. But shortly before the opening of our story she had abated in zeal for these matters; she had become rather indolent, and given to speculate on why she was born, and what was her business in this world, and the like improving themes, customary with dissatisfied philosophers. If I might venture to guess at the cause of this dissatisfaction, I pronounce it to be the emptiness of her heart. All sorts of loving capabilities, fit to make an inexhaustible paradise for a lover worthy of them, were running to waste, and caused her daily amusements to sound hollow to the ear of her fancy.

But it must have been her own fault, you will say, when I tell you she had had lovers enough since Sir Joseph's death. There was

Sir Christopher Clumber, also a baronet and a widower, who, keeping his eye on her, and suffering a decent time to elapse before he made his proposals, then urged them in a calm, dogged, confident way, that seemed to defy even the bare idea of refusal; — meeting with which, he could never be persuaded of her being in earnest in her rejection of him, but persisted for many years in considering it a mistake. Then there was an ancient *roué* of a nobleman, who saw her accidentally as he passed through Doddington, and whose capacity for admiration, at least, still survived — this lover lived three weeks at the hotel, and procured an introduction, and two or three interviews with her ladyship, after the last of which he suddenly ordered post-horses and departed, notwithstanding he was threatened with gout. And there was a rich manufacturer of the neighborhood, who resolved to indemnify himself for the sacrifices he had so long offered up on the altar of trade by a little domestic felicity with the woman of his choice; but the choice falling, unfortunately for him, on Lady Lee, who would n't listen to him, he thenceforth bestowed his undivided energies on the less romantic pursuit that had hitherto engrossed them, and grew disgustingly rich.

These rude attempts upon her heart, instead of making the task of opening it any easier, only damaged the lock. She became almost misanthropic — was prepared to think ill of mankind in general, like a female Timon, and could be severely epigrammatic on matrimony. She began to fancy herself *blasée*, and spoke of herself to Orelia and Rosa as if she were an old and experienced matron, who had discovered that all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and, while unconsciously brimful of romance and sentiment, she affected to look on life with as little sense of its poetry as a free-trader. She languidly continued her dabbings in science — read a good deal in general literature, under the guidance of a discriminating friend who shall appear presently — and took charge of Julius' education, which was accordingly conducted after a desultory fashion, moral and intellectual; for she sometimes let him have his head, sometimes suddenly took him up short in the curb, in a way that, joined to the spoiling he got from the other two, might have gone far to ruin him, had he not been a little fellow of an extremely good and generous temper.

And here, by the by, this mention of the other two reminds me that I have a couple of young ladies in the narrative whose presence is as yet unaccounted for; and as critics are often a sort of people who would by no means permit young females, however charming, to stray unprotected, and without character and pedigree duly attested, about the

precincts of a story, we will have a little explanation on that head forthwith, Mr. Critic.

Orelia Payne had been a great friend of Lady Lee's, in the latter's maiden days, and their acquaintance chanced in this way; Near the parsonage-house of Mr. Broome, Hester's father, stood an ornamented cottage, with very pretty grounds surrounding it. It had been the property of a majestic old lady, who dwelt therein in great state; and after the old lady's death, it continued to be kept in good preservation.

To the garden and conservatory, both well filled, Hester, who had taken it into her head to study botany, frequently went, during the time the house was unoccupied after the old lady's decease. Rumors there were of a new possessor, and of orders being sent to keep everything in trim; but no occupant arrived for some time, and Hester attained such supremacy, that no alteration was made in any of the horticultural arrangements without her concurrence.

About a year after the death of the majestic old lady, a young lady, her god-daughter and heiress — selected for those united honors, perhaps, because she was a majestic young lady — came to live at the cottage. Hester, ignorant of the arrival of the new possessor, continued her visits, greatly to the improvement and instruction of the head-gardener; for she knew more about botany than he, though his salary was about double that of some curates. When Orelia (for she was the new possessor) heard from him that a young lady who understood plants particularly well was in the habit of coming there, she experienced a desire similar to that which George III. felt when he heard that Doctor Johnson was a frequent visitor to the royal library, and, like that monarch, gave orders that she might be apprized of the next advent of the illustrious stranger.

So Hester, poking about among some newly-arrived orchids, heard a rustling of female garments behind her, and, turning, found herself face to face with Orelia. The latter held a book open in her hand, and on her head was a straw hat, such as young ladies do not often appear in beyond the precincts of their own private territories — so that Hester had no difficulty in guessing that the handsome girl, with her eye and face of the falcon type, and a figure straight and elastic as steel — who looked twenty, though only seventeen — was a resident in the house, and might perhaps think her an intruder. No fear of that, however. Orelia read in Hester's beautiful, high-bred face, and large, soft-shadowed, hazel eyes, the promise of what she principally wanted to make her comfortable and happy in her new abode — viz., a companion. Walking straight towards

her, and unheeding the overthrow of a couple of exotics, pots and all, which stood in her line of march, she said in a steady tone, as if to an old acquaintance whom she had long expected, "I'm so glad you're come. I've been waiting in for you all the morning."

In about a week from this, they were all but inseparable. Orelia's only other companion was an elderly governess, who never attempted to dispute her will, and, therefore, like some other docile rulers whom the world has seen, would seem to have enjoyed a title rather at variance with facts. On Saturdays her father, a rich banker (not, however, of the firm of Smith, Payne, and Smith), used to come down to spend Sunday with her, going back on Monday morning. If, by any chance the two girls did not meet early in the morning, you would be pretty sure, if you happened to be traversing the road between the parsonage and Orelia's cottage, either to meet Hester posting to the latter, or Orelia rushing in the direction of the former; and sometimes, actuated by this common impulse, they met half-way between the two mansions. They read the same books, and talked them over together; they told each other their thoughts—(luckily they had some to tell, which is not invariably the case on these occasions, as I am informed)—in fact, they were fast friends. And, though ascetic and malevolent old bachelors (fellows who have been jilted, probably, and have a spite against the sex) do say, that female friendships springing up thus rapidly, and cemented with passages from Byron, Moore, and Madame de Staël, are sometimes rather fanciful than sincere, and are apt to fall to decay with marvellous celerity, yet this was an honorable instance of the stability of female alliances; it continued during the period of Lady Lee's married life, and, since her widowhood, Orelia had been a frequent visitor at the Heronry.

Her ladyship's acquaintance with Rosa was of more recent date; and as the account of its origin involves the introduction of a new character in our story, we shall discuss it in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Not very far from the Heronry—perhaps half a mile from the gates—stood the little village of Lanscote. This was not the village described in a former chapter as in view from the windows of the house, but was situated on the hither side of the river. A trim but somewhat steep lane, descending shadily between high banks, led to it. Looking through a long vista of overhanging hawthorn, the wayfarer saw before him, just at the point where a sharp turn would bring him in sight of the village, the white gate of the parsonage. Arriving at this gate, and standing in the

cross-road, the view suddenly expanded;—on each side stretched a perspective of four or five miles, while, beyond the parsonage, the prospect was closed by the foliage of trees clothing the steep bank of the farther side of the river.

Here dwelt Josiah Young, curate of Lanscote, and here he had dwelt for two or three years previously. Some time before the opening of our story, it had occurred to him that the presence of his sister Rosa, who had been, when he last saw her, a merry school-girl, but was now grown into a young lady of near eighteen, would agreeably enliven his solitude. He pondered the idea of procuring a visit from her for some time, and at length resolved to broach the project to his housekeeper, Jennifer Greene.

If the Reverend Josiah had possessed the slightest turn for diplomacy, he would never have done anything of the sort, but would have locked the idea securely in his own breast till it was ripe for execution. Jennifer Greene was by no means the sort of housekeeper likely to regard the establishment of young ladies in the household with a favorable eye. She was a widow, about thirty, trim, neat, black-eyed, sharp of look and voice, and as fond of power as Lord John Russell. As she stood on the other side of the breakfast-table, with the tea-caddy in her hand, measuring out, according to custom, the number of spoonfuls required for the curate's breakfast, he began to feel the impracticability of his project dawning on him. Up to that moment, it had seemed to him a simple, matter-of-fact sort of thing, easy of arrangement, and sure of her concurrence; but now, as, sitting in his easy-chair, he glanced nervously over his book at her closed lips—firmly closed as they always were, as if to keep in a retort struggling to burst out before it was required—he really wanted words to begin. It suddenly seemed to him a favor he had no right to expect, and he felt that Jennifer would be justified in the outburst that would be sure to follow. The curate was a nervous man. He experienced a sort of guilty sensation, as he often did when preferring requests to the despotic Jennifer—such as he had felt lately when he thought of asking her to change his dinner-hour to a more convenient one, but could not make up his mind to it. He half resolved to express himself on the present subject in a note, which he could leave behind, after departing on feigned urgent business for a day or two. While he was thus considering, the housekeeper, having finished measuring the tea, put the caddy on the table.

"You could not make it convenient to spend the day somewhere to-morrow, Mr. Young?"

"To-morrow, Mrs. Greene. Why so?"

"I want," said the housekeeper, "to

clean up the house. This carpet must come up, and —"

"Would n't brushing it do?" suggested the curate, glancing at the lanes of books, which, having overflowed the pair of book-cases that stood in two niches of the apartment, were now meandering in labyrinthine confusion over the floor — ponderous tomes; ancient volumes, solidly bound and solidly written; and modern works, lighter in structure, certainly, on the outside at least — all wandering, side by side, over chairs, tables, and window-seats; for the curate was an insatiate and insatiable reader.

"Would n't brushing it do?"

"No, it would n't sir," said Jennifer, shortly. "There 's heaps of dust" (pretending to cough) "in this carpet, only it 's kept down by the books. There 's nothing so bad as books for hoarding the dust; and wherever there 's dust there 's spiders — and where there 's spiders there 's cobwebs" (glancing sternly at a thread of gossamer swaying from the ceiling, that would have escaped a less vigilant eye, as she propounded this entomological axiom). "And there 's the spare bed-room 's getting quite mouldy — if it is n't aired, I would n't be the next person to sleep in it — not for fifty pound —"

"We must see to that," said the curate, "for it may be wanted."

"Sir!" said Jennifer, inquiringly.

"I was thinking," said the curate, stammering with nervousness, "I was thinking — that is — I have n't seen my sister for a long time," Mrs. Greene.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Greene.

"And — and — I 've been thinking of asking her to come and see me; and of course she 'd have to sleep in the spare bed-room, Mrs. Greene."

Jennifer's side was towards him, and, as she tossed up her head now, her sharp eyes glanced sideways on his face, so that the right one looked at him across the point of her nose.

"O, sir!" said Jennifer. "Very good, sir!"

That was all. The curate did not know how she looked as she departed, for he did not dare to glance at her; but he remarked that her step was rather quick, and the door made a good deal of noise in closing.

"Dear me," said he, drawing his chair to the table, and pouring out the tea, "I feel quite relieved. Really it is very good of Mrs. Greene to be so accommodating."

The curate went on devouring his book and his toast, unsuspectingly, in this deceitful calm. He had finished a chapter of the former, and was buttering a second round of the latter, when the door was again opened, and Jennifer entered.

"There, sir," said she, flinging down on the table a bunch of keys; "there, sir, you 'll find everything correct to the last pin."

"Mrs. Greene!" said the astonished curate; "dear me, what 's the matter?"

"Three years come June I 've lived here," continued Jennifer, gazing at a point in the wall over the curate's head, and keeping time to her words with her foot on the floor, "and if anybody can say there 's been so much as a pin wasted, let 'em say it. I 've toiled and miled, high and low, up stairs and down, like any slave — I 've been a good servant to you, sir."

"Excellent, my dear Mrs. Greene!" said the curate, who suddenly began to believe Jennifer the pink and pattern of all housekeepers, and himself an ingrate and a tyrant — "invaluable, Mrs. Green — who says otherwise?"

"I 've been a good servant to you, sir," continued Jennifer, "and would have so been, as was my duty and pleasure, but for spies being set over me."

"Spies!" said Mr. Young; "bless me, who talked of spies?"

"Yes, spies!" continued Jennifer, pressing her hands very tightly on her bosom, and nodding at the wall, with inflated nostrils. "They may be called sisters, or they may be called visitors, but there 's only one name for them. And my mind 's made up."

"But, my dear Mrs. Greene! surely it 's very natural that I should wish to see my sister," said the Reverend Josiah, apologetically, "and she need n't interfere with you — she would n't wish to, I 'm sure."

"Would n't she? O, sir, you may think so, perhaps, in the innocence of your heart; but you don't know 'em. It 's one thing to look after gentlemen, and another thing to be looked after by ladies. I have n't refused the many good situations I might have had, to be overlooked now — and so, sir, as I said, my mind 's made up, and — and" — (here a cloudiness about the eyes betokened a coming shower, while the tapping on the floor was louder than ever) — "and I hope you 'll get somebody to" (sob, sob) — "please, please you" (sniff, sniff) — "better than me."

Mr. Young sighed, and was troubled. Perhaps (he thought) he had been very wrong to speak about it. Housekeepers had their feelings and points of honor like other folks, and were entitled to have them indulged. The idea of her really going away and leaving him to look out for a fresh housekeeper, who did n't know his ways, and would give him no end of trouble, was not to be entertained for a moment — so he decided to relinquish his project, and go home for a week instead; and applying himself to soothe the wounded prejudices of Jennifer, prevailed upon her, as a great favor, to resume the seals of office, in consideration of his submission.

We are all of us henpecked — husbands by their wives, bachelors by housekeepers, wash-

erwomen, and other females with whom they come in contact; none of us can plume ourselves upon the intact perfection of our plumage, for the marks of the pecker are over us all; and the Reverend Josiah Young, with his neck quite denuded, and his tail-feathers sorely bedraggled, covered like a plucked capon in the presence of his housekeeper, who began to wear a comb and crow like a cock.

Immediately after his defeat, the Reverend Josiah, hastily concluding a breakfast for which he had no appetite left, lit his pipe and went out into his garden.

Every flower there was a personal friend of his—he knew, not only the history of its race, but the biography of the individual. To this lonely, silent man the woods and lanes and fields opened their hearts, and became great storehouses of interest. Primroses spoke to him when they came out in the spring; harebells chimed an audible music; the moss and the heath and the fern disclosed to him their hidden virtues. The tinted ornaments of the earth were not more lavish of their sweetness to the roving bee, than to this plain, black-coated, white-crowned curate.

I say plain, for, open as was the curate's soul to forms of grace and sounds of harmony, his person was not remarkable for beauty—he was rather plain than otherwise, with light, very light hair and eyebrows, and his pale pink complexion inclined to run into small excrescences about the nose, cheeks, and chin. Ah! to think that the fairest minds sometimes elude the observer behind warts and pimples! Had I the management of the world, the curate should have a skin of satin, and a halo like an angel.

So he walked carefully through the paths of his little garden, stooping to take each flower between his two first fingers, and upturn its face to his, while the sun, glancing through his light, frizzly hair, made it look like hay. And, sometimes espying a caterpillar, earwig, or other bandit and free companion, mutilating his favorites, he would pour on the felonious insect clouds of tobacco smoke till it became insensible, and, carefully transferring it in a state of coma to a leaf, would convey it beyond the boundary of his garden. A paddock across the road was the convict establishment, and was quite a preserve of banished vermin and reptiles.

He was gazing fondly on the countenance of a blue anemone near the gate, when a very gentle tap or poke on the shoulder from the point of a parasol caused him to start and turn round—Lady Lee smiled at him over the palisades, and the image of the anemone faded from his mind. With his pale pinkness of complexion become celestial rosy red (for, like all nervous, studious men, the curate

had a sad trick of blushing), he hastened to open the gate, and she and Julius entered, while the white pointer crouched outside in the sun.

"How I envy you your interest in your flowers! If I could read the book of the earth like you, I would be content to turn a sort of philosophic nun, and consecrate myself to its worship," said her ladyship.

"So would men lose one of their objects of worship," said the curate, gallantly; but he spoiled the compliment by hesitating in its delivery.

"Your interest seems always so fresh," she continued, not heeding his speech. "You seem to turn to each object as unweariedly as if it were your first glance—the bloom is renewed for you, while I—"

"While you find novelty in perpetual diversity," said the curate. "It shows your mind to be many-sided, your sympathies wide."

"No," said Lady Lee, dropping on the stone seat at the gate, and poking absently in the flower-bed with the point of her parasol: "it shows me fickle, unstable, unsatisfied. I am occupied for the time; but in the intervals I sit listlessly, and hear the earth creaking wearily on its axle."

The curate gazed at her with wonderful sympathy; he absolutely winked with earnestness. "Ah," he said, "could I but have the happiness of knowing how to fill up these chinks of fancied weariness—for fancied it must be, since to be wearied of yourself seems an impossibility" (this he muttered to himself)—"I could be content indeed."

"And have you not done great things for me?" said she. "I don't know any one to whom I owe so much. It is you who have directed my studies and widened my views. Before, I was a desultory devourer of books, reading much but meditating little; walking through the world like a peasant girl at a fair, wondering and ignorant. You have led me within the portals of those fairy lands of science where you walk at your ease, and where I might follow, but for an indolence and apathy which I have spirit enough to regret, but not to conquer."

"Perhaps I could wish you a little more zealous in your pursuit of knowledge," rejoined the curate; "your powers of observing and judging are too rare to be allowed to rust; and yet I don't know whether there is n't something more engaging to the fancy in your present mode of straying only among the flowers and avoiding the dust of these pursuits. To saunter is more feminine and graceful than to plod."

"Flatterer!" said her ladyship, shaking her parasol at him; "you certainly have the art of putting me in better humor with myself; whether by your words or example, I

don't know. Bless me, July!" she said, jumping up from the bench and looking at her watch, "we must be off. We are going to visit some people in the village, July and I." One would no longer have known her bright face for the clouded, listless one of a moment before — the remembrance of her weariness had vanished. But the curate was not so versatile, and he stuck to his subject.

"I was in hopes," said he, "that I should shortly have given you a new subject of interest — my sister Rosa, of whom you have heard me speak — but I am vexed to find she can't come to me."

"And why not?" asked Lady Lee.

The curate was rather ashamed to confess the obstacle, but, by skilful cross-examination, her ladyship elicited that Jennifer was the opposing party.

"Wretched woman!" said Lady Lee to herself, apostrophizing the offending Jennifer; but presently a thought seemed to strike her. "What is Rosa's address?" inquired she; "I must write to her, and say how sorry I am she can't come; and so we may become acquainted, at least on paper." And having obtained the address, she bid the curate good morning, smiling, and departed.

A few days afterwards he got a note desiring his presence at the Heronry. Before he had well entered the hall a pair of arms were cast round him —

"I'm come, Josiah," whispered Rosa to her astonished brother, "to stay with Lady Lee, and I'm to visit you every day."

Thus it was that Rosa Young became domiciled at the Heronry, and, henceforth, the curate's visits there were made on a more familiar footing.

Hitherto his admiration and friendship for Lady Lee had been of a very respectful kind; and not even her frank and sisterly treatment of him had been able to diminish the awe with which her beauty, refinement, and a certain loftiness that mingled even with her frankness, inspired him. She had been a holiday figure in his imagination, to have contemplated which too often and too familiarly would have appeared, to the curate's mind, a kind of unholy revelry.

But Rosa's presence now formed a connecting link between them. That "things which are familiar with the same thing are familiar with one another," is an axiom as true as any in Euclid. Not that I mean to insinuate, however, that because both the curate and Lady Lee were in the habit of occasionally kissing Rosa, they ever kissed each other. I should be truly sorry to stain my pages with the chronicling of any such enormity, which would deservedly call down on my devoted head the wrath of all the aged and exemplary female critics in England (old ladies, as I judge from internal evidence, being the authors

of four fifths of the most profound criticism of the day); and I have quite enough to do, as it is, to avoid treading on the corns of those estimable persons. No, no; all I mean to say is, that Lady Lee, when seeing Rosa skipping round the curate, putting a neater bow on his white cravat, brushing the dust off his coat, and calling him Josiah, would sometimes, in a half-inadvertent way, call him Josiah also; for, indeed, it was not easy to be ceremonious with him. And the curate's heart would thereupon give a lively jump of delight, sending his blood leaping not only into his face, but right up to the crown of his head, and filling his soul and his eyes with a wonderful gratitude and complacency; inspiring him, at the same time, with such an ardor to make some return for this delightful familiarity, that he would have been charmed to rush off at a moment's notice to the extremities of the earth to fetch her pocket-handkerchief. But no such sacrifices were required at his hands; and the calling of him by his Christian name grew more frequent, till "Mr. Young" was almost banished from the precincts of their conversation; and, when the appellation did creep in, it caused him to feel a kind of mild and sorrowful resentment.

Then, what could be more charming than to sit with them in the spacious library, with its hollow carved ceiling, its deep bay-windows with the diamond panes, its velvet-covered easy-chairs, and shelves filled with books, many of them of his own selection; and there to expound to them some botanical or geological theory or system, or read aloud from some author whom they had hitherto been unacquainted with, either from his being so very ancient or so very new. And a new and hitherto unsuspected peculiarity began to develop itself in the curate — he became extremely cunning, and, under pretence of giving brotherly advice to Rosa, would direct all sorts of moral and didactic batteries upon Lady Lee. For the benefit of the latter, too, though under the same pretence, he would advance sentiments and opinions on intimate and confidential subjects, all having remote reference to her ladyship; but whenever she expressed her dissent from any of these, he would immediately abandon them, and shamelessly go over, with the utmost facility, to her side of the question.

He showed a great deal of art, too, in the gradual approaches he made towards calling her Hester. If she had been simply Miss Lee, he would have seen his way clearly enough; for he might first have called her Miss Hester, and then gradually have dropped the former prefix. Now, to convert Lady Lee into Hester was no such easy process. But Rosa, by her ladyship's own desire, always addressed her by her Christian name; and when she said to her brother, "Josiah, Hester says so and so,"

the curate would repeat after her, "O, Hester says so and so, does she?" and then would tremulously and furtively glance at her ladyship, to see how she took it; and, finding this pass, as a matter of course, he grew bolder; and when Rosa said, "Hester and I are going to work," he would say, "Well, if Hester and you are going to work, I'll read to you;" which devices he considered as the climax of human ingenuity and tact.

Instead, too, of any longer keeping the image of Lady Lee under a glass-case, as it were, only indulging himself occasionally with the contemplation of it, it now began to intrude itself between him and his flowers, to take shape, and ascend in the smoke of his meerschaum — nay, to cause the pages of the very sermon he was writing for delivery on the ensuing Sunday to grow dim and confused beneath the celestial radiance; totally obliterating, perhaps, some eloquent paragraph he had just composed on the vanity of all human affections. And then, waking up, he would wave away the vision impatiently, take a fresh dip of ink, square his elbows resolutely, and write, "Thirdly, my Christian friends, let us consider —" and, sinking back in his chair, the poor curate would consider nothing more to the purpose than how Lady Lee had looked or spoken when he last saw her. And he carried on with her, while alone in his elbow-chair at the parsonage, more imaginary conversations than ever Walter Savage Landor wrote, and would thirst for the next visit, that this airy eloquence of his might take actual sound, and receive audible replies. And he used to be so brilliant, so lively, so irresistible, in argument, in these ideal interviews, that he would sometimes, at the conclusion of a real one, wonder why he should depart with a sense of having acquitted himself in a manner so inferior to his thought.

Let no impatient lover, sighing like furnace, and burning like one, taking no note of time, and wishing it annihilated till the moment shall come to give him all he wishes — let none such imagine that the curate's passion made him anxious or unhappy. Study and reading and philosophy had made his life so full before, that no empty hours were left wherein to originate those ardent hopes that give a man no peace till they are smothered in possession. So far as mere beauty affected him, the curate might have been chaplain to a seraglio, without ever falling in love with the fairest Georgian of them all. He would have simply admired her, as he did one of those gorgeous beetles or painted butterflies with which his hat and pockets overflowed after a morning walk. He would never have gone an inch out of his way to look for an object of worship. But how could he help falling in love, poor, unsuspecting Josiah, when love lay directly in his accustomed paths?

And never did captive dwell more contentedly at the bottom of his pitfall. A new and bright element had been introduced into a busy, peaceful life, lending it a fresh charm, but producing no violent displacement of the habitual trains of thought. And the curate was so happy, that, if these pleasant relations had continued just as they were, without growing either more or less intimate, he could have passed on thus, even to old age, without a murmur. And his life, thus gently rippled, was flowing on shadily and pleasantly, when its placid surface was further broken by the reappearance of an old acquaintance of his (though a new one to the reader), as occurred in the following manner.

CHAPTER XV.

It was a wet evening — cold, though in June, and more comfortless than a stormy winter twilight, when the idea of the cheerful fire illuminating the inner world of home is pleasant to the drenched and shivering victim of weather. The curate was returning from a visit to an invalid in the village; his black trousers, saturated with the moisture of the long, rank herbage, mostly fern and dock-leaves, that fringed the lane, stuck closely as gaiters to his ankles, while his umbrella rattled again with the showers of drops it shook down in its passage underneath the hawthorn bushes. There was a little pool in the latch of the garden-gate as he put his forefinger in it: the white palings gleaming wetly in the gloom; the garden itself was drenched and dismal; and the window of his sitting-room, which, in a winter's evening, glowed out on his returning figure like the portal of a brighter world, looked black and sullen as a cave. "I'll have a fire," said the curate, "if Mrs. Greene has no objection; and I'll have some tea; and I'll finish the other volume of that capital book." The curate was a great sensualist in his way.

Forgetting to scrape his shoes before entering, and sticking his wet umbrella upright against the wall, from the ferrule of which forthwith meandered a dark, sluggish stream along the passage (both high crimes and misdemeanors in the Jenniferian code), he rubbed up his hair, and entered his sitting-room. He was groping his way to the bell, to order a fire to be lit, when he saw a tall, dark figure standing in the shadow of the window-curtains. The curate at first thought it an optical delusion, and waved his hand towards it, in order to dispel the vision; but his fingers encountered the lapel of a veritable coat. "A robber!" thought the curate, and instantly grappled the intruder. "Who are you, sir? and what are you doing in my house?" queries which the mysterious person responded to by grappling him in return, and forcibly causing him to seat himself in his

easy-chair. The curate, however, still resisted valiantly, till his antagonist, who had been struggling, not only with him, but with a laugh that threatened to become uproarious, suddenly quitted his hold, giving hearty vent to his merriment.

"I should know that voice," said the curate; "who on earth is it?" The sound had conjured up a vision of the curate's youth.

Just then Mrs. Greene entered with the candles. The light showed the figure of a tall man, in undress cavalry uniform, with a handsome face and a light mustache, beneath which his teeth gleamed whitely in his mirth. He held out his hand to the curate. "The same old boy," said he, "as ever—the same old Josey."

The curate, with his head thrust inquiringly forward, his mouth open, stared in his face, and dubiously took his hand. "Not Fane," he said—"not Durham Fane!" The other nodded, smiling.

The curate instantly tightening the grip of his right hand, seized Fane's arm above the elbow with his left, and worked at him as if the house had sprung a leak, and his visitor were the pump on which he depended for safety.

"Not forgotten, Durham!—never forgotten in all the long years since we were companions!—always remembered as my earliest friend. I may almost say my only one; for I have never had one of the kind since. And where have you come from? and what are you doing with that mustache?—and how did you find me out? Have you had any dinner?"

"Ha, ha!—the same muddle-headed old boy as ever, with his ideas, called suddenly in from wool-gathering, pouring forth in breathless disorder," said Fane. "First, Josey, I come from Doddington, where my troop is quartered at present. I had been out for an afternoon ride, when, struck by the appearance of your parsonage, I asked a girl who was passing whose it was!—more for the sake of speaking to the article, who was pretty, Josey, than because I cared to know. 'The Reverend Josiah Young!'—the name electrified me—it was threatening rain; so I tied my horse to the gate (from whence he has since been transferred to the stable) and entered. A glance round the room, and at the backs of the books, would have assured me who was the inhabitant, even without the autograph on the fly-leaves. Burton—Gilbert White—Camden—Evelyn—Jeremy Taylor—Kenelm Digby—the antiquated brotherhood would have been sorely incomplete without old Josey Young, the most old-fashioned of the fraternity, to consort with them. So I sat here patiently, while the rains descended and the winds came, waiting till you should make yourself manifest."

"Not altered, Fane, in speech or spirit," said the curate smiling—"the same irreverent fun on the surface—the same strong sense and kindness, doubtless, underneath. We'll have such a glorious evening—for you won't leave me, I'm sure. Mrs. Greene! Mrs. Greene!" (Enter Jennifer.) "My friend here is going to stay the evening—he has had no dinner—could n't you, that is, would it trouble you much to—a beefsteak, you know, or something of that sort, and some of your excellent mashed potatoes—and a bottle of beer—and I'll just have my tea at the same time."

The countenance of Jennifer was gloomy in the extreme; under-done steak and half-mashed potatoes were written thereon very legibly, to the despairing glance of the curate, who knew that she did n't like to be put out of her way by *impromptu* visitors. Fane stepped forward.

"Excellent Miss Greene," he said, "don't mind what my hospitable friend says. Some bread and butter, cut by your own fair hands—some tea, such as you administer to him—are all I shall trouble you for. I know, my pretty Miss Greene, what a bachelor's household is."

Mrs. Greene's feelings were touched—she liked being called Miss Greene, because it made her think she looked young. She liked the politeness of the handsome officer—she liked his consideration for a bachelor's house-keeping, while she felt a pride in her own resources. She smiled and curtsied pleasantly as she withdrew. Fane sent a shot after her.

"What a handsome housekeeper you've got, Josey! What does the bishop say, you sly dog?"

"Is Mrs. Greene handsome?" said Josiah. "I really never noticed her looks."

Fane laughed. "Now, if anybody but you had said that," said he, clapping the curate on the shoulder, "were he the most venerable of archdeacons, or an archbishop, I should have thought him an arch-humbug. But I believe you, Josey. You were always a virtuous old boy, by nature and habit as well as principle; and I'll be sworn you don't even know the color of your housekeeper's eyes."

"And now answer me, thou naughty varlet," said the curate, drawing his chair to the fire; "what hast thou been doing these ten years?"

"We soldiers, Josey," replied Fane, "spend our time pretty much as Satan spends his, according to the Book of Job—in passing to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down on it."

"Can't you let Job alone, and answer for yourself?" returned Josiah. "I trust your life only resembles Satan's in a perambulatory point of view. And how does it suit you? Is it what you could wish? Have you read much?"

—you used to be a great reader. Have you seen a great deal of the world? Has it prospered with you?"

"Why, yes," said Fane; "in the ordinary sense I have been prosperous. Health—promotion rapid enough—pleasant, though seldom quite congenial, associates—a stirring Indian campaign, out of which I came sound in wind and limb—and, for the rest, a soldiering, sporting, love-making life, with snatches of better things. Such has been the tenor of my course. Judge you of its congeniality."

"Not satisfactory, Durham—not what I had prefigured for you. Though, as a boy, you were impetuous, impatient, impulsive"—

"In fact, everything that was impish," said Fane.

"Yet I knew there was ballast enough to steady the vessel. But I fear the good ship has been drifting aimlessly."

"Too true," said Fane—"too true. But my prospects have changed. Three years ago I was serving in India, exemplifying how happy the soldier is who lives on his pay, when I unexpectedly received a communication from my mother's eldest brother. This old gentleman had never forgiven my mother for marrying my father, a poor subaltern, nor exchanged word or letter with her to the day of her death. I had consequently nothing to expect from him, especially as he had adopted my cousin, Langley Levitt, and was bringing him up as his heir. But Langley, by some acts of disobedience and extravagance, had mortally offended him, and was cast adrift without a penny. My uncle now offered me the vacant place in his affections, and proposed an immediate exchange to a regiment at home. 'I was a grand offer for such a poor devil as me. I was sick of India, and gladly consented. The old gentleman behaved very liberally—got me an exchange to a cavalry regiment, and gives me a handsome allowance. So here I do now walk before thee, Josey, captain of dragoons, and heir-apparent to some thousands per annum, on condition of good behavior.'"

"I'm delighted at your good fortune, Durham," said the curate, getting up to pat his friend on the shoulder. "But the poor cousin—what became of him?"

"Nobody knows," replied Fane. "I have caused diligent inquiry to be made for him—secretly, for my uncle won't hear his name mentioned—but without success. From all I can hear, he is chargeable with nothing worse than imprudence, though my uncle did once hint at something of a darker nature. I believe he was a general favorite; but I never saw him."

"Poor fellow!" said the sympathetic curate. "You must find him, Durham, and take care of him. But has this change of

life been for the better? Has your prosperity brought any clear prospect of worthy occupation with it?"

"Was ever such an atrocious kill-joy!—as if it were not enough occupation for an unfortunate mendicant like me to revel in the glories of his new position, and go pleasantly to the devil. But no, Josey; my conscience has smitten me for leading such a useless life, and I said so to my uncle. I told him I had looked on long enough at the world, and wished to play a part in it. 'You want to leave dragooning!' said he. 'I do,' said I. 'Marry,' said he, in his usual laconic fashion. 'Whom?' asked I. 'Anybody that's respectable,' was the avuncular rejoinder. 'What atrocious hypocrisy!' thought I; 'I'll expose it immediately.' 'What d'ye think, sir, of Miss Podder?' I said—'pretty, agreeable, and with the prospect of a grand cotton concern as her heritage.' 'Rascal!' thundered my uncle, going as near the verge of apoplexy as an elderly gentleman with safety can—'how dare you mention the infernal cotton-spinning name?' 'Miss Standish,' I suggested—'good breed—regular church-and-state family.' 'She hasn't a second idea,' said my uncle, 'and I wouldn't have you marry a fool, Durham.' 'The only other eligible person I can think of,' said I, 'is our neighbor, Miss Kindersley.' 'Would you marry a death's-head?' thundered my relative (and the lady is somewhat gaunt and grim, Josey), 'or do you think I wish to see my niece-in-law grin at me?' The upshot was, that as nothing was to be found near home, I was to try my fortune elsewhere. Married or not, at the end of a year I exchange life military for life bacolic; but I hardly dare show my nose at home without a wife. Do you know anybody, Josey, that would suit me?"

Why did the curate redden at the question? Was it that he did know somebody to the purpose? And if so, why not name her? Poor Josiah's spark of jealousy shot sharply along that simple, honest heart, as he thought how well Durham Fane would match with Lady Lee.

Before he had time to grapple with the thought, or to reply, a rattling as of plates, knives and forks, in the passage, was heard; and presently a savory odor preceded Jennifer into the room. A tender steak, done to a turn, a well made omelet, and a little pyramid of mashed potatoes, of a charming shade of brown, appeared on the snow-white cloth, with a bottle of beer standing sentinel over the whole. The curate's heart was filled with gratitude to Jennifer.

"Bad policy, Miss Greene," said Fane, drawing a chair toward the well-spread tray, "to make my dinner so inviting. I shall be coming too often."

"Really, Durham, I don't know what spell you've cast over Mrs. Greene," said Josiah, as she retired simpering, primly. "She is really in a charming humor."

It did the curate good to mark the affectionate ardor with which Fane threw himself on the steak. He hovered round his guest, plying him with pepper, ketchup, a browner portion of potato—uncorked his beer and poured it foaming creamily into the tumbler—drew the loaf and butter more within his reach—put a fire-screen before him, and then, somewhat inconsistently, poked up the fire; after which, he sat down opposite him, smiling in the intervals of sipping his tea.

"And how has the time passed with you, Josey?" inquired Fane, looking up from his plate; "doubtless, as of yore, in a state of dreamy activity. I always considered yours the most wonderful case of somnambulism ever known. You eat, drink, and walk about like other men, while your mind dwells forever in pleasant dream-lands. I would lay a wager that you do not now see me in my true light, as a very ordinary mortal dropt in unexpectedly on an old friend, but as an Orestes brought by good spirits to rejoin his Pylades. Life and its incidents were always to you, in reality, what they are to other men only in the illusions of memory or of hope. And I would lay another wager, Josey, that if thou shouldst get thee a wife, she, to ordinary eyes a mere chronicle of small beer, and a mender of cotton stockings, will be, in yours, a peerless and perfect dame, more than half angel, even though she should waddle before thee with no more waist than a soda-water bottle, and with chins all the way down to her stomacher."

"Do you think I have that faculty?" said the curate, thoughtfully. "Why, it never struck me—perhaps I have, though—perhaps I have. But I don't remember ever forming a very lofty opinion, such as you mention, of any woman, except one—and she deserves it. Anybody would say so. You will say so yourself when you see her."

"No, Josey, no. I lack the vision and the faculty divine. I am as much over-critical as you are the reverse; and it has enabled me to walk scathless through the hosts of sirens and Circes that beset a man in the earliest stages of his pilgrimage. Why, most reverend and simple Josey, you, with one half my temptations, would have been hopelessly wedded years since to some remorseless female, who, with no more sympathy with your pursuits than my horse, would have invaded your sacred leisure and beloved ease at the head of a troop of imps, whom you would secretly have hated all the worse because you believed yourself their father. And for this lady without peer that you speak of—why, 't is ten to one, Josey, that I find her some

dowdy, or perchance some stupid lay figure which your warm imagination has"—

"Durham!" said the curate, seriously—"Durham!"

"Why, Josey, a thousand pardons," said Fane, looking up and pausing with a piece of steak on his lifted fork. "Why, the old boy looks as grave as a judge—the sort of look you used to assume, Josey, when I played tricks on our revered head-master at the old vicarage school. But I will look at her, Josey, through your spectacles, and, whatever may be my secret thoughts of this piece of Eve's flesh, I will say naught except in praise of her; nay, more, without seeing her, I pronounce her"—

"Say nothing till you have seen her, Durham," interposed the curate, "and then say just what you honestly think."

"But you have roused my curiosity, Josey. Who or what is she? What is her name among men?"

"She is called Lady Lee," said the curate; "and her Christian name is Hester."

"Lady Lee!" repeated Fane—"then she is married, eh? and you are admiring your neighbor's wife, most virtuous Josey?"

"No," said the curate; "she's a widow."

"A widow!" cried Fane. "Why, there you have shivered to pieces at a word all the high imaginations with which I was laboring to come up to your description. There are two sorts of widows—one, fat, contented, red-faced, looking out for prey among mankind with the calmness of a proficient in the art of man-stealing—the other, wizened, sharp-nosed, querulous, and mighty prolific, as a train of ugly little copies of the dear departed bear witness. Which does her ladyship belong to, Josey?"

"I'll talk to you on the subject when you're in a better frame of mind," said the curate.

"But, seriously now, Josey, and in sober truth, would there not be something truly formidable in the idea of marrying a widow? To step, not merely into a dead man's shoes, but to put your head in his very nightcap—to have a ghost for a rival—to have base comparisons drawn between yourself and an apparition—to find that her taste inclines towards dark men (the complexion of the deceased having been of a fine deep bronze, while yours is of angelic fairness)—to know that, when you keep her waiting for dinner or venture to be drowsy when she wants you to be lively, she is thinking of a dear first husband who never committed these crimes. Ah, Josey! do not all these sentiment-defying considerations lurk within the close-crimped circle of a widow's cap?"

While delivering these remarks, Fane was too busy with his knife and fork to observe that they caused the curate to fidget nervously

in his chair. At the conclusion of them the latter hastened to change the subject, taking advantage of the allusion Fane had made to their school-days to talk of those vanished times with wonderful zest and glee.

At length, after prolonged and youth-restoring review of past times, Fane rose, looking at his watch. "Josey, I must be off."

"Not at all," said the curate, starting hastily from his chair; "you must stay here to-night. Don't you hear the rain?"

"But 't will put you out of your way," urged Fane.

"Not in the least—not in the least," said the hospitable curate. He had been revolving in his mind the chances of Jennifer permitting the sanctuary of the spare room to be profaned, and had resolved not to run the risk of giving her a distaste for Fane at this, his first visit, by taxing her amiability too much, as that might render his future ones unpleasant. Therefore the curate had arranged that Fane should occupy his own bed, that he should himself sleep on the sofa, and that Mrs. Greene need not know anything about it.

So, when they had talked their fill, the curate took a candle to show him the way. But first they went out to the stable, where Fane, with his own hands, groomed his charger, fed him (for Josiah, though he had no horse of his own, was always prepared to entertain the steeds upon which his brother clergymen came to visit him), and littered him down, Josiah holding the candle. Then they proceeded up-stairs, at the top of which Josiah halted, and cautioning his friend to step lightly that he might not awake Mrs. Greene, whose door he would pass, whispered "Good night," and, watching him disappear and shut the door of the chamber, descended softly to his sitting-room, where, taking off his coat and shoes, he slumbered peacefully on the sofa, with his best surplice and a green baize table-cloth for bed-clothes.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Jennifer entered the next morning, to glance her sharp eyes round the sitting-room and direct the labors of the housemaid (a young villager, whom she kept in a state of complete subjection), she was startled at seeing her master extended on the sofa, slumbering, as aforesaid, peacefully beneath the surplice and the table-cloth—for the curate, rendered restless by the many thoughts which the presence of his friend had conjured up, lay tossing long after midnight, and had failed to wake so early as he designed in order to evade detection. Jennifer drew herself up and looked at him with austere surprise; but presently guessing the true state of the case, she turned to her young assistant, who stood behind her with broom and duster, and commanded her to go softly into the curate's bed-room and bring her

word who was sleeping there. Presently the maid returned, saying it was the strange officer, and Jennifer's features relaxed into a stern smile as she thought of the supremacy she had established over the curate, driving him to adopt such devices in his own house. Sweet is the evidence of our own power—far sweeter to natures such as Jennifer's than proofs of affection. And, sending the maid elsewhere, she closed the door softly and went away.

But even that soft closing of the door roused the curate. He opened his eyes, looked for a moment wonderingly about him, and then, recalling the event of the evening, he sat up on the sofa, rubbed his eyes, and stole gently out from under the shelter of his ecclesiastical bed-clothes. Congratulating himself on the perfect success of his manoeuvre, he arranged the table-cloth on the table, put by his surplice where he had found it, shook and thumped the sofa cushions to remove the traces of his occupancy, and, throwing his coat and waistcoat across his arm, stole gently out into the passage, intending to finish his toilet in his own room before waking his friend, and to instruct him to feign that he, Fane, had dropt in to breakfast after having slept elsewhere. But these machinations were dissolved into thin air at the sight of Jennifer, who confronted him in the lobby. The curate started like a guilty thing surprised, stared, and then said feebly, "Good morning, Mrs. Greene."

"I'm afraid, sir, you've not slept comfortably," said Jennifer; "but I must say 't was your own fault, Mr. Young. Was n't there the spare room for your friend, if you had only let me know?"

The curate was overpowered by Jennifer's goodness, and murmured something about "not wishing to give her trouble."

"And pray, sir, when did I complain of trouble when I could make you or your friends comfortable?" asked Jennifer, reproachfully. "Would the captain like tea or coffee for breakfast, sir?—or there's chocolate, if he would prefer it?"

"Anything, anything you like, my good Mrs. Greene—my friend's not particular," said the curate, quite embarrassed with his gratitude, and running hastily up-stairs.

This condescension to meet the curate's wishes was a great stroke of policy on the part of Jennifer. She felt that it was of no use to strain the reins too tightly without an object, and that an occasional relaxation of them might better answer her ends—for ends, and very definite ones, Jennifer had, even from the first day of her establishment at Lanscote Parsonage. She had soon perceived the curate to be as helpless, as she phrased it, as a child, in his domestic concerns—and who could manage them better than she? And, having established this fact, she had once absented

herself on a week's leave, for the purpose of letting the curate feel how necessary she was to his comfort; and, on returning, had the satisfaction of hearing him confess that everything had gone wrong in her absence. Then, was she not good-looking? — was not her family respectable? And if she had lowered herself before, in consequence of reduced circumstances, by marrying a small ship-master, why, that was all the more reason she should do better next time. And, in fact, the ship-master having been disposed of, by drowning, some years before, Jennifer, in her innermost heart, cherished the design of supplying his place with the curate. And what was there, she thought, so unlikely in it? Their relation would be but little altered by such a step — in fact, she should care even better for his interests than now — and so Jennifer, with the patience of a sharp, calculating, cat-like nature, set herself deliberately to watch for the unsuspecting, unwary curate.

Excellent was the breakfast to which the curate and his friend sat smilingly down that morning — so excellent that Fane could not help eulogizing it.

"Why, Josey," he said, "what a precious old sensualist you must have grown since we parted! Not content with bread and toast, you must have hot rolls too — and (shade of Apicius!), as if marmalade were not sufficient, here are two sorts of jam — and this trout is superb, and so is the coffee — Josey, I must really borrow Mrs. Greene for a short time — won't you lend her to me, you clerical gourmand?" And the curate, submitting cheerfully to the charge of gourmandizing (which was, however, quite unmerited, for he did not often get such breakfasts), smiled gratefully on Jennifer, who, in her smartest cap, was pouring out the coffee with an air of prim satisfaction.

"I enjoy this wonderfully," said Fane, as he sat after breakfast on a wooden seat fixed against the hedge that bounded the curate's garden, having a canopy of lilacs and laburnums, while around were thickly scattered yellow wall-flowers, with a bee feeding on the red heart of each, and humming as it fed, mingled with many a balsam, and stocks purple and white — "I enjoy this wonderfully," said Fane, looking up from a great volume that lay on his lap, and addressing the curate, who, pipe in mouth, was bending among his flowers: — "more than you, Josey, for this is your daily life, and familiarity with these pleasant sights and sounds and scents must have bred a certain indifference towards them. But hours like these steal in enchantingly in the intervals of a busy or a struggling life, such as mine has mostly been, and as I hope it will be."

"You are mistaken," said the curate. "You are one of those who love strong contrasts, and can scarcely appreciate even the

peaceful blue of the sky unless it peers in streaks through thunder-clouds. But the key of my taste is pitched lower, and I find in these quiet scenes a daily beauty, as Iago says — (by the by, where did such a villain as Iago come by that delicious phrase, Durham?) And if I did find my pursuits staling by custom, why, a slight fillip, such as the presence of an old friend, suffices to restore their lustre. To-day the garden looks almost gaudy, Durham."

"You're a good, simple old boy, Josey," said Fane, "and I've half a mind to envy you. There are two classes in the world who seem to me to come nearer happiness than any others — gardeners and painters. Both are brought into incessant contact with the wonders, the glory, and the variety of nature, and are thus secure against satiety. Both are engaged in a struggle, not with their fellows (which leads to emulations envyings, and the rest that you wot of, Josey), but with the secrets of the outer world — and both receive sufficient encouragement to lead them onward in infinite search. Lastly, Josey, both find perpetual rewards in the sympathy and pleasure which their success excites in others. And, therefore, could I but discern in myself any artist-power of expression, I would turn my sabre-tasche into a palette, fill my holsters with camel-hair brushes, and (leaving gardening out the question, because it would make my back ache, and is, moreover, of the earth, earthy) devote myself to placing on canvas the essence of something now lying unthought of in nature's treasury. Thus might one give the world assurance of a man who could listen to its din without wishing to join in the struggle or the shouting."

"A little momentary enthusiasm, excited by present peaceful enjoyment, Durham," said the curate, smiling. "You are meant to cast a broad and general glance upon the world, not to peer microscopically into its minuter, though still infinite wonders. Trust me, Durham, you would never learn to hang your morrow's expectations, as I do, on the unfolding of a bud, or the breaking of a germ through the soil."

"Long may you continue to flourish in your paradise," said his friend. "It only wants one thing to complete it — such as I now see coming down the road, sending rays before her, as Dante says of his advancing angel, like the morning star. An Eve, Josey, approaches, in a fringed parasol and straw bonnet — and, by Jove, she's coming in at the gate!"

The curate, somewhat short-sighted as he was, recognized the celestial apparition before it lifted the latch — he always knew Lady Lee a long way off. In his haste to greet her he made a spring over the central flower-bed, instead of going round it, and, over-

estimating his agility, decapitated two gorgeous tulips. Her ladyship, however, displayed none of this haste, waiting patiently with the open gate in her hand to admit Julius, who had overshot the goal in breathless pursuit of a butterfly.

"I am so glad you have come this morning!" said the curate (as if his illuminated countenance and eager haste did not sufficiently express this). "I am so glad you have come, for there is an old friend of mine here whom I should like you to know."

To say the truth, Lady Lee's face did not assume any appearance of warm interest in this friend, nor of great anxiety to make his acquaintance. In fact, when the curate had occasionally before introduced her to friends of his, whom he had warmly eulogized, her quick-sighted ladyship had perceived in a moment that they owed their merits principally, if not altogether, to the curate's imagination acting through his warm heart, being, in fact, the merest stupid respectabilities imaginable. So she walked with the curate amid the flower-beds towards the bench where Fane was seated, in full expectation of finding there some clerical gentleman clothed inside and out in dinginess, and whose talk was of tithes.

Accordingly she lifted her eyes somewhat languidly as Fane rose at her approach; but they immediately opened into an expression of interest on encountering the glance of the earnest, thoughtful, intelligent pair that met them. Certainly, there was nothing of the personage she had prefigured in the tall, well-made form, clad in a handsome uniform, that bent towards her as the curate named "his friend, Captain Fane."

Fane, too, finding that he was in the presence of the peerless dame who had illuminated the curate's conversation the night before, and knowing from old experience that Josiah's swans often appeared merely geese to the public eye; did not feel his curiosity much excited till he caught that after-glance of hers, contrasting so flatteringly with her first indifferent, somewhat supercilious look, as to appear like an involuntary compliment.

The curate stood by, watching the interview, and gently rubbing his hands as he glanced from one to the other. He had always thought each of them handsome—but they looked handsomer than they ever had before, to his eyes, as they stood opposite to each other, their faces reflecting interest. And then a strong sense of his own personal identity flashed suddenly on him, as if he could stand apart from the group and see himself making the third in it, with his plain face and form, his ungraceful attitude, and his dingy dress, contrasting strongly with the grace, easy strength, and picturesque attire

of his friend. The curate was little accustomed to think about his own appearance, and could not account for the sudden access of egotism.

"Come, don't be ceremonious; shake hands," said the curate. "I'm sure you'll be friends."

Fane held out his hand—"He should think the better of himself, henceforth, for Josiah's prophecy." A sensation, as of guilt to be atoned for, came over him as he looked at Lady Lee, and thought of his blasphemy about widows on the previous night.

Now Lady Lee's second glance had satisfied her of the truth of a suspicion which the first had communicated to her mind—viz., that she had seen Captain Fane before. He was, however, quickest in remembering where, because she had, on the occasion of their meeting, been attired very much as at present, whereas his uniform made a difference sufficient to puzzle one who had only seen him in shooting-jacket and wide-awake hat. Presently, however, she recognized the hero of the adventure at the stepping-stones—the more easily, perhaps, because his face had once or twice risen uncalled for to her mental eye during the interval; and, remembering the mode in which he had got her out of her difficulty, she very ungratefully entrenched herself in a double allowance of reserve and coldness. So she merely put the tips of her fingers in his extended hand, and turned to the curate.

"She and Juley," she said, "were taking their morning walk, and she had looked in to say that there was an arrival at the Heronry very interesting to the curate—a packet of new books, which he must come and inspect, and which Rosa was now unpacking." This was one of her ladyship's methods of obliging the curate, for, knowing that his slender income was entirely inadequate to appease his literary voracity, she used to order regularly all the most expensive works connected with his pursuits, though she never looked into the half of them herself.

The curate's eyes glistened, and he rubbed his hands vigorously in anticipation. "Now we shall see the great illustrated Ornithology," said he; "glorious! glorious! they say the drawings are like life."

"And that's exactly what they ought to resemble," said Fane, who had seated himself again on the bench with his book open on his knee. "Always take care, Josey, that in your ardor as a naturalist you don't lose sight of nature. For, do but listen now to a passage I had just lighted on in old Gilbert White." And he read as follows—"Echo has always been so amusing to the imagination that the poets have personified her, and in their hands she has been the occasion of many a beautiful fiction. Nor need the grav-

eat man be ashamed to appear taken with such a phenomenon, since" (mark you, Josey), "since it may become the subject of philosophical or mathematical inquiries." "Strange now," went on Fane, "that to this old gentleman, a lover of nature, it should appear that nature was made for science, not science for nature; that he should fancy his partiality for having his imagination stirred by echo needed a scientific excuse!"

"But that was only his printed and published opinion," said Lady Lee, who listened with interest. "Trust me, his private one was very different, and, often when shouting like a schoolboy to wake an echo, the idea that pleased him was neither mathematical nor philosophical, but poetical—that of an invisible inhabitant of the solitude."

"Good!" said the curate, rubbing his hands exultingly. "Ah, you shall find no boy's play here, Durham! But the truth is, that naturalists are sometimes matter-of-fact people, incapable of seeing a double meaning in the great book they study, and in talking to them we must use their language. White was writing to some utilitarian friend, who could better understand his sympathy with science than with nature. And if—"

The curate paused abruptly, for he became aware that Jennifer was standing at a little distance from him, with an expression primer even than usual, and holding his surplice thrown over her arm. "What is it, Mrs. Greene?"

"There's a couple that was to have been married at ten, sir—and now it's half-past—the clerk's come to say that they're waiting," answered Jennifer.

"Bless me!" cried the curate, "I had forgotten all about it; quick, good Mrs. Greene" (as Jennifer helped him on with the surplice,

looking all the time as resentful as if it were her wedding that was delayed). "You see what you have to answer for, between you," said he, hastening through the garden, out of the gate, and down the road, with his surplice streaming behind him as if he were the bearer of a flag of truce.

"It's one body's work to look after him," said Jennifer, as she reentered the house.

"Come, July," said Lady Lee, finding herself left alone with the captain, bowing to whom she took her departure.

Fane looked at his watch, and, finding his presence would shortly be required on parade, went to the stable, saddled his horse, and walked down the road, leading him by the bridle. And as his homeward road was the same as Lady Lee's, and as he walked faster than she and Julius, he, in the natural course of things, overtook them, and slackened his pace to theirs, and the subject of the conversation he then opened was one in which they had common interest—their friend the curate. Presently Julius, becoming clamorous for a ride, was lifted into the saddle. There was no such thing as preserving a cold demeanor to one so frank, easy, and clever as Fane—and her ladyship found herself gradually forgetting the origin of their acquaintance, conversing with him nearly as freely as with the curate; and she felt almost sorry when they halted at the lodge-gate of the Heronry, and Julius being with some trifling resistance dismounted, Fane got into the saddle, took his leave, and they separated. After riding a short distance, he turned and looked back. Lady Lee, too, was looking back, perhaps after Julius, for, immediately calling to the boy to come along and not be troublesome, she walked onward to the house, and the trees hid her from his sight.

From the Ladies' Companion.

CHARISSA.

I WILL not say her azure eyes are bright
As stars, and deeper than the skies above
But that they're holy with an inward light
Of charity and love!

I will not say her voice is thrilling sweet
As mermaid's music, soft as summer airs;
But that by squalid beds, with balm replete,
'Tis heard in low-breathed prayers.

I will not say her little hands are fair
As twin white-rosebuds—flakes of falling
snow;
But that they feed the hungry oft, and bear
Solace to want and woe.

I will not say her tiny feet are small
As fairies', tripping on the moonlit hill;
But that they're swift to come at Sorrow's call,
And peace attends them still.

STANZAS.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words—as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope! Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face with scorn,
Put thou the shadows from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith! where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport—the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven,
Th' inhabitants of earth.

Have Love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call—
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges wildest roll—
Light, when thou else wert blind!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!—We regret that we are compelled to announce to you—at least to such of you as have fallen into the snare of authorship—that, for six months at least, it will be impossible for us to notice any of your lucubrations. Our rule is positive, and will admit of no exceptions. Even the dear little angel who, along with her duodecimo, has transmitted us such a touchingly confidential confession of her poetical impulses, must remain absent from felicity awhile. We are resolved, for a certain space of time, to devote ourselves entirely to spiritual reading. We have taken down from their shelves Delrio, Wierus, and Reginald Scot; and refreshed our memory with King James on Demonology. If any friend or well-wisher of ours possesses a rare treatise on witchcraft, he will confer a special favor by sending it to us immediately, and we pledge ourselves not to return it. Is there a Sexton Club anywhere in England? If so, we should like to be made an honorary member. We trust that, in the face of the awful statistics lately produced, we may not be misunderstood; nevertheless, we must own that, for the present, we are decidedly addicted to spirits.

Mr. Spicer, whom we really hold to be a fellow of infinite fancy, commences his introductory chapter thus: "If one may judge from present indications, before the following notes can be published an apology will have become due to many readers, for deeming it necessary to explain the general features of that singular subject to which they principally refer." Not at all, our dear Spicer. No apology whatever is due. Until we received your book, we knew no more about the manifestations you speak of, than the amusements of the high priest of Timbuctoo. We feel greatly indebted to you for the information we have received; but the old virtue seems to have departed from this portion of the globe. At one time we were really eminent for witches; the Queen of Elphen has visited us bodily since Spenser was laid in the grave; and before emigration became general, second-sight was as common in Skye and Benbecula as the measles. The days are not very remote when every farm-steading could show its brownie. But, somehow or other, we seem to have forfeited these inestimable privileges. We can't get up, in Scotland, a well-authenticated ghost more than once in twenty years; and as for the intermediate fry—fairies,

ouphs, etcetera, they seem to have entirely disappeared. We regret to chronicle the fact; but, on inquiry, it appears that the oldest inhabitant of the most aqueous parish in the Highlands cannot charge his memory with having seen a water-kelpie!

Why this should be we really cannot comprehend. For ourselves, individually, we can say honestly, that we have cultivated with all our might spiritual impressions. We have assisted at *séances de clairvoyants*—seers who professed to be able to read writing through the medium of a mill-stone, but we never were fortunate enough to hear their professions realized. Very lately we were told that an eminent Hawicker possessed the art of uttering divine poesy in his magnetic sleep—we heard him; and were thankful that the turf covered the mortal remains of Willison Glass. Credulous as an infant, we only want to see a manifestation, but we cannot find one. An inspired *femme de chambre* is paraded; but she is soon found guilty of imposture; and the place she occupied knows her no more. We entreat for enlightenment from Clackmannan, but do not get it; we write to Dornoch, and receive no answer. The truth must out in naked terms—We want a Warlock! Observe—we give no guarantee against the ultimate application of the tar-barrel; but suffering for truth is praiseworthy. Our national pride revolts at the idea that America should in modern times unveil the unseen world, to which we have a prescriptive right. We shall insist upon having decided "rappings" in Edinburgh as well as in New York, else we must hold that we are scurvily treated by the shades of our departed friends.

But we must not trifle with the curiosity of our readers, who are doubtless anxious to know what all this is about. We shall tell them as concisely as we can, using Spicer as our spiritual guide-book.

The village of Hydesville, township of Arcadia, Wayne county, New York, was the first place in which spiritual manifestations appeared. In the month of March, 1848, the family of a certain Mr. John D. Fox was disturbed by mysterious noises, such as rappings, tappings, knocks, and shuffling of the furniture, which could not be accounted for on the hypothesis of natural agency. This was not pleasant; but use reconciles us to almost anything, and in a short time the daughters began to reciprocate. Here, at the outset, we are struck by the remarkable similarity of the Foxian narrative to the story of Wesley's kobold, with which probably our readers are acquainted. A few experiments enabled the parties to open a distinct communication, and the method is remarkably simple. Spicer tells us, "that, in this spirit-language, an affirmative is conveyed by a single rap (though

* Sights and Sounds, the Mystery of the Day; comprising an entire History of the American "Spirit" Manifestations. By Henry Spicer, Esq. London, 1853.

perhaps emphasized by more), a negative by silence. Five raps demand the alphabet, and that may be called over *cicā voce*, or else in a printed form laid upon a table, and the finger or a pencil slowly passed along it; when, on arriving at the required letter, a rap is heard; the querist then recommences, until words and sentences are spelled out—upon the accuracy or intelligence displayed in which, depends, in a great degree, the amount of faith popularly accorded to these manifestations." These, however, are but the rudiments of the spiritual education—which, orthodoxly enough, commences with the alphabet. We shall presently see that, since 1848, a higher state of intelligence has been achieved. Armed with this key, Mrs. Fox, who appears to be a woman of a decidedly inquiring turn, succeeded in eliciting from the spirit the following information. That the number of the years of his fleshly pilgrimage had been thirty-one; that his name was Charles Rayn; that he had been murdered in that house, and buried in the cellar; and that the murderer was alive. Then came the results—"There was some digging in the cellar on Saturday night. *They dug until they came to water, and then gave it up.*" Highly satisfactory this! Now, who was Charles Rayn? We are sorry to say that Mr. Spicer gives us no information on that point. He appears to have been as much a phantom in the flesh as in the spirit—though the date of his apotheosis could not have been very remote, for his children were said to be still alive, as also his murderer.

We are told that "the high character and respectability of this family (the Foxes) did not, nevertheless, protect them from certain unpleasant results of these manifestations. Immense excitement was created in the neighborhood, and considerable prejudice, extending even to threats of violence, existed against them." Now we cannot, for the life of us, comprehend what was the cause of the excitement. Had the previous existence of Charles Rayn been ascertained, and his body found in the cellar, there might have been excitement enough; but nothing of the kind appeared. The prejudice—though we should have given the feeling quite a different name—is intelligible without explanation.

The Fox family, it would appear, was peculiarly beloved by the spirits; for two of the ladies having removed to Rochester, New York, the rappings followed them thither; and a third, Catherine, who seems to have been the Cassandra of the party, was similarly accompanied to Auburn. In short, they were *media*, or particularly favored persons in whose presence only the spirits will deign to make themselves audible. Media are now very common. Mr. Spicer says, "It is calculated that there are, at the present moment, not less than thirty thousand recognized *media* practising in

various parts of the United States. A friend, who writes under date of July 17 (we presume 1852), assures me that in the city of Philadelphia alone may be found no fewer than three hundred magnetic circles, holding regular meetings, and receiving communications." If the facetious Spicer is not hoaxing us, we trust Mr. Thackeray will keep his eyes and ears open, and regale us, on his return, with an account of the invisible world.

We now begin to understand what Cole-ridge meant by his powerful picture of "woman wailing for her demon lover." It is not at all a bad thing to be upon terms of familiarity with a spirit. If not quite so handy as the imps of the old magicians were—for they could serve up banquets in a trice, and produce the rarest fruits in the heart of winter—your acute American sprite can contrive to send the dollars in the way of his mistress. Here is an advertisement: "MRS. FISH AND THE MISSES FOX. An error crept into our notice of these ladies, as published in our last issue, concerning their locality. Our readers will please observe that they are at No. 78 West Twenty-Sixth Street. Strangers can be entertained on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons, from 3 to 5 o'clock; also on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday evenings, from 8 to 10 o'clock." The charge seems to us moderate—only a dollar per head. What a blow it would be to these ladies, should their spiritual admirers desert them!

We are concerned to say that some little doubt was thrown upon the authenticity of the Fish and Fox performances by the revelations of a certain Mrs. Norman Culver, described as "a connection by marriage of the Fox family." Perhaps it may be worth while to insert her declaration:—

Catherine wanted some one to help her (make the rappings), and said that if I would become a *medium*, she would explain it all to me. She said that, when my cousin consulted the spirits, I must sit next to her, and touch her arm when the right letter was called. I did so, and was able to answer nearly all the questions correctly. After I had helped her in this way a few times, she revealed to me the secret. The raps are produced with the toes. All the toes are used. After nearly a week's practice, with Catherine showing me how, I could produce them perfectly myself. At first it was very hard work to do it. Catherine told me to warm my feet, or put them in warm water, and it would then be easier work to rap; she said that she sometimes had to warm her feet three or four times in the course of an evening. I found that heating my feet did enable me to rap a great deal easier.

Catherine told me how to manage to answer the questions. She said it was generally easy enough to answer right, if the one who asked the questions called the alphabet. She said the reason why they asked people to write down several names on paper, and then point to them till the

spirit rapped at the right one, was to give them a chance to watch the countenance and motions of the person, and that in that way they could nearly always guess right. She also explained how they held down and moved tables. She told me that all I should have to do to make the raps heard on the table would be to put my foot against the bottom of the table when I rapped, and that, when I wished to make the raps sound distant on the wall, I must make them louder, and direct my own eyes earnestly to the spot where I wished them to be heard. She said, if I could put my foot against the bottom of the door, the raps would be heard on the top of the door. Catherine told me that when the committee held their ankles in Rochester, the Dutch servant-girl rapped with her knuckles under the floor from the cellar. The girl was instructed to rap whenever she heard their voices calling the spirits. Catherine also showed me how they made the signs of sawing and planing boards. When I was at Rochester, last January, Margaretta told me that, when people insisted on seeing her feet and toes, she could produce a few raps with her knees and ankles.

If, after this express and circumstantial declaration on the part of a connection of the Foxes, and without refutation of its falsity, it is really the case, as Mr. Spicer alleges, that their exhibitions are attended "by the *élite* of the city of New York, including several eminent judges and divines," we are forced to conclude that there is no bottom to the stomach of American credulity, and we begin to understand the secret of the success of Barnum. It is, to our apprehension, an uncommonly ugly story, and we really should like to know what steps were taken in consequence. Mrs. Culver stated that she was taught by the fair Catherine to make the rapping—was that tested? The Fox family, in vindication of themselves, were bound to have challenged her forthwith to exhibit her toes, and to have snapped them in the approved manner. Mr. Spicer has a natural reluctance to involve himself in the feminine quarrel; but, as he has undertaken to be the spiritual historian, he feels himself obliged to give some opinion. Here it is. "It is distressing to be compelled to arbitrate between two ladies of station and character, on a simple question of—who has fished? But some decision must be arrived at, and I give it at once as *mine*, that Mrs. Culver's statement *was, in the main, true*; Catherine Fox's, on which it was founded, *in the main false*." By this, we presume, he means that Miss Fox intended to humbug Mrs. Culver. A more damning hypothesis than this we cannot imagine. How does the case stand in that light? A girl, in the alleged possession of a miraculous faculty, not only states, to a female relative, that the whole thing is an imposture, but *explains the nature of the process, and teaches her to perform the tricks of the trade!* "After nearly a

week's practice, with Catherine showing me how, I could produce the raps perfectly!" Very odd that the ghosts' confidant should have the knack of producing sounds exactly similar to those which indicated their spiritual presence! And why did the little Sapphira criminate herself? The motive is perfectly obvious, and is assigned—"she wanted some one to help her." Mr. Spicer does not seem to understand the immense importance of this point upon the whole ghostly question. With the Foxes the spirit theory originated—with them the rappings commenced. Now, if it turns out that these rappings are the result of a trick, and that one of the family has confessed to the imposture and divulged the secret, down goes the whole edifice. It does not matter what has taken place afterwards; if the originators of the idea are impostors, so must all be who have followed after them.

Ten years ago it would have appeared absurd to approach the subject; but, since then, the case has altered. The phenomena of animal magnetism have unsettled the minds, and, we fear, perverted the religious faith of thousands, both in the Old World and the New. We have been deluged by itinerant Cagliostroes of all colors, exhibiting their powers for payment, on the platform; and as, in matters of this sort, novelty is everything, and one conjurer can only maintain his reputation by keeping ahead of another, falsehood and fraud have been brought in to supplement what was wanting. That a magnetic operator can exercise an extraordinary influence on the nervous system of a suitable patient, and even control his volition, must be admitted. Such a power, marvellous as it is, is nevertheless not miraculous, for it is produced, say the magnetists, by the operation of a subtle agent upon the nerves, which again influence the brain. It is somnambulism produced by artificial means. Somnambulism is by no means an unusual phenomenon. A person in that state, while walking in sleep, answers readily to interrogatories; and his fancy follows the suggestion of the speaker, so that he may be made to believe that he is roaming through the ruins of Memphis, when, in reality, he is wandering in his own bed-room. That is just the audible expression of a dream; and in it there is nothing hostile to nature. But at the very next step the limit is passed. Preternatural powers are now claimed, and it is alleged that the spiritual eye can discern real objects at distances and through media which the natural eye could not reach. This is *clairvoyance*—which we, not without examination, believe to be a most rank and filthy imposture.

It is very significant that the most usual, and, we have no doubt, the most profitable

branch of the *clairvoyant* trade, is that of describing diseases in the human frame. A patient is brought into the presence of the *clairvoyant*, who forthwith proceeds to give a diagnosis of the complaint, and a description of its seat, in terms which are certainly oracular. We have more than once heard a dialogue like the following—the interlocutors being the operator and the possessed one, of course confederates. “D’ye see that man?” —“Ay, I see him.” “Is he weel?” —“Far frae it!” “What’s the matter wi’ him?” —“The matter wi’ him! d’ye no see yon?” “No; but what is’t ye see?” —“It’s that, ye ken—the thing there! Lord save us, how it’s loupin’! It’s a red thing, and a’ wrang thegither.” “Ay, is’t a red thing?” —“Just that.” “Will it get better?” —“I dinna ken; there’s something coming out o’t that’s no right. The man’s no weel ava!” “Can ye tell onything to mak him better?” —“Ay, there’s a thing he might tak, but I dinna mind the name o’t.” “What is’t, Davie, man? Think again!” —“Oo, it’s a pouther!” “A powder, is it? and what’s the color o’t?” —“It’s whiles ae color and whiles anither; ye can pit it in your mouth gin ye like!” “What kind o’ a taste has it?” —“It’s no nice.” “If he were to take it, wad it cure him?” —“If it did him nae gude, it wad do him nae harm!” Nor has it ever been our fortune to hear a more distinct opinion enunciated by a sleeping Esculapius.

As vivisection is out of the question, this branch of the craft may be pursued with perfect safety. But there is another more ticklish—that is, the description of distinct objects. In that, there is almost invariably such a sketch of ordinary furniture as prevails in every dwelling-house, and will apply to all. We never yet have heard of a properly authenticated instance of *clairvoyance* being exercised beyond the immediate locality—we mean such an instance as could put the possession, or rather the existence of such a power, beyond question—and that is, undoubtedly, the turning point of the whole controversy. During the last two years, when the mysterious fate of Sir John Franklin exercised such an influence over the public mind—as will indeed continue for years to come—the *clairvoyants* made many contradictory revelations. One saw him imbedded in ice far beyond Wellington straits—another beheld him captive among the rude tribes east of Siberia. But the singular thing was this; that no two unconnected *clairvoyants* agreed in their description. Some of them must have been liars, either wilfully or unconsciously; because it was impossible that the contradictory visions could be reconciled. We have no objection to adopt the hypothesis which corresponds with our idea

of magnetic power, that in these cases the so-called said *clairvoyant* merely followed the ideas of the operator; but, in that view, *clairvoyance* receives its death-blow. If it exists at all, it must exist independent of the impressions of the operator.

As regards seraphic visions, we are constrained to say that we hold them as purely blasphemous. Some miserable creature, far below the average of the human race in organization and intellect, presumes to carry messages from the supernal spheres, and to assume a greater power of vision than St. Stephen, when, at the moment of his martyrdom—but not till then—he saw the heavens opened. What awe can now invest the divine apocalypse of John, when, by a simple process, you can throw a serving-wench asleep, and extract from her far more specific details than were vouchsafed to the translated pen of the beloved apostle! We ask those who are Christians, and who yet are inclined to yield to this frightful delusion—which, after all, their common sense should disdain—whether they do not consider themselves as guilty of most awful presumption in pursuing such inquiries! Granting that, by some inexplicable means, such revelations can be given, is not such knowledge expressly forbidden in the one Book, which is the rule of all revelation? We can afford to smile at the folly of their belief, but we cannot excuse the impiety of their practice. They are made the dupes of knaves, while they are favored with spiritual revelations through means which the divine word has denounced.

The supporters of *clairvoyance* have a peculiar logic of their own. They maintain that failures, however numerous, are to be reckoned as no proofs against them; but that a single case of success is to be considered a triumph. Mr. Spicer puts the matter thus: “It is too much the fashion among cursory inquirers to overlook the importance of what is done, in the failure of what is *not*. This is not fair. If you place twenty sealed letters on the table, with a different line written in each, and the ‘spirits,’ after failing in the first nineteen, read the twentieth, surely the wonder in respect to that success is as great, the mode of compassing it as unaccountable, as though nineteen failures had not preceded it.”

Now, is this view, as applied to *clairvoyance*, correct? We apprehend it is entirely fallacious. Let us take Mr. Spicer’s test. An operator brings a patient into the so-called *clairvoyant* state. A sealed letter is laid on the table before him, and he is asked if he sees it; he replies in the affirmative. He is then asked if he can read its contents, and he answers, “Yes.” He is then desired to read it, and he reads something which is not therein written. Is that not proof, and do-

cisive proof, against clairvoyance? The letter is before the patient; and if he says that he *cannot* read its contents, then it may, with perfect propriety, be maintained that he has not attained that state of lucidity which would enable him to perform such a feat. But if he says that he *can* read it, and proceeds to enunciate something which is *not* in the letter, then he disproves *clairvoyance*. What he sees, or says that he sees, is not the thing that is there; therefore, he is either altogether an impostor, or is laboring under a mental hallucination which is equally fatal to his pretensions. It will not do to say that here or there a successful result has been achieved. Guessing may do much, and trickery more; but nothing can be received as a fact which relies on exceptions, not on rules. We have seen the experiment tried with closed boxes. The patient invariably professed to see what was within, but, very curiously, he never gave the object its proper name. It was something either long, or broad, or round, or square, or queer, or yellow; but *what* it was he never would tell, though he professed to see it distinctly; and he only made one response which a liberal imagination could in any way reconcile with the reality. Yet he said that he saw. Saw what? Not the articles that were in the boxes, if he saw anything, but very different objects. Is *that* nothing against the lucid faculty? Why, the most stolid and stupid clodhopper in ancient times would have despised the spawwife only one of whose predictions out of twenty proved ultimately true.

What with ghost-illuminations, magnetic crystals, magical-glass globes, and such-like rubbish, which might aptly figure in a catalogue of the household furniture of the late lamented Cornelius Agrippa, many men, calling themselves philosophers, seem to have taken leave of their senses. We have gone back to the old trash of King James' witchcraft. Nothing is so absurd as to render it unworthy of credence — nay, the absurder it is, the more eagerly is it paraded as a truth. We have no wish to see the field of investigation limited — where an express limit has not been assigned by the highest authority — but it amazes us that men of science do not see the mischief which their credulity causes. Some scoundrelly miscreant professes to have a familiar spirit. He is not sent to the treadmill as a cheat and impostor, as he ought to be, but is visited by learned doctors and grave inquirers, whose attention makes his fortune. The public are told that So-and-so, an eminent philosopher, has inquired into the matter, and is greatly puzzled — cannot, in fact, make up his mind — rather inclines, than otherwise, to believe that Adoniram Pumpkins is in communication with a familiar spirit — and the acute Adoniram immediately adver-

tises a *séance*, at five shillings a head, and reaps a harvest from the gulls. Now, there has been a great deal said about *clairvoyance*, but the practical test remains unsolved. A gentleman of the very highest distinction in the scientific world — one whose medical reputation is more than European, and who adorns the university to which he belongs — has offered a large sum of money if any *clairvoyant* can read a line of Shakspeare which he has written out and deposited in a sealed box. The challenge has now been given for a long time, yet the attempt never has been made. *Clairvoyants* have described royal relics as built up in walls, *somewhere*, and have even favored us with drawings of them, but they cannot produce them. However, we ought not to be in a hurry. It would by no means amaze us if the specified relics came to light; for there is such a thing as indicating a treasure, “by aid of the spirits,” after the manner of Dousterswivel, and then discovering it. Joe Smith, the Mahomet of the Mormons, was a profound philosopher. He calculated, not on the common sense, but on the amazing credulity of mankind, and actually succeeded in founding a new religion. Let us do justice to Joe. He was not a whit more absurd nor profane than many educated men in this country who ought to know better. But he was much cleverer, for he duped others, whilst they are the egregious dupes.

Surely no simpler test than that we have alluded to can be proposed. Countless *clairvoyants* profess to do far more wonderful things every day — well, let them read the line. They say their vision penetrates over sea and land — space is nothing to them — they can bring you news from the antipodes in a trice; can tell you the address of a letter in the pocket of a laborer at the diggings. Why cannot they read the simpler and easier task of a single line in a box at home? Just because the whole thing is a tissue of unmitigated humbug; and the countenance of such pretensions will hereafter be regarded as a serious stigma upon the intellectual character of the age.

But we must return to Spicer and his spirits. The *modus operandi* is quite simple. The party assemble round a table, at the head of which sits the *medium*, priest or priestess as the case may be. There is no kind of invocation used. The spirits enter the room invisibly of their own accord, in a free-and-easy way, and each announces his arrival by a rap. Then the alphabet is produced; but as the process of calling out the letters is rather tedious, a child's alphabet-box is employed, and a pencil is moved along the literal line. When it touches the proper letter there is another rap, and the answer to any proposed query is thus spelled out.

This is a very dreary kind of exhibition,

and was evidently felt to be such even by the enthusiastic Spicer; but it is a little enlivened by gymnastics. If spiritual knuckles can produce sound, why should not spiritual muscles induce motion? The one is as reasonable as the other; and accordingly it is common to request the spirits to move the table. The following is Mr. Spicer's account of the phenomena which he witnessed:—

It was next proposed that proof should be afforded of the power possessed by the spirits to move substances; and they were requested to exercise it upon the table. Every one drew a little apart, in such a manner that none of the sitters' legs should approach it, and, so far as could be observed, this condition was most honorably fulfilled. In a moment or two, the table, like Birnam Wood, "began to move;" and if my astonishment and discomfiture did not equal that of the deluded thane, it was because petticoats are redundant, and it was impossible not to feel how completely it was at the discretion of any zealous little foot to assist the spirits in the performance of this manoeuvre.

"Move the tables, indeed!" you say; "why, a spirit might as well be expected to draw a cork!" Our dear sir, these spirits can do more wonderful things than draw corks—they can imbibe with considerable gusto. Death makes no difference in the national taste; and we presume an American spirit would still indicate its preference for a mint-julep, or a brandy cock-tail, over weaker compounds. Your German ghost, with fine Teutonic inflexibility, sticks steadily to its beer. What think you of the following well-authenticated instance? "Kern had engaged Hahn's servant—a man of about forty years of age, and of entire singleness of character—to stay with him. One night, as Kern lay in his bed, and this man was standing near the glass door in conversation with him, to his utter amazement, he beheld a jug of beer, which stood on a table in the room, at some distance from him, slowly lifted to a height of about three feet, and the contents poured into a glass that was standing there also, until the latter was half full. The jug was then gently replaced, and the glass lifted, and emptied as by some one drinking, whilst John, the servant, exclaimed in terrified surprise, 'Lord—it swallows!' The glass was quietly replaced, and not a drop of beer was to be found on the floor!"

Who need marvel after this at the mysterious manner in which tea and sugar sometimes disappear, and the mirific diminishment of the contents of the brandy bottle? How many excellent and blameless servants must have been discharged, with their characters slightly tainted, on account of the appetite of the spirits! Yet, after all, this German was not an exorbitantly thirsty soul—he seems to have been contented with a modest

quencher. A Highland ghost, now, would have made wild work with the *aqua vite*; and the departed of Glasgow must surely be chargeable with some share of that frightful consumption of alcohol, which has made our western capital so notorious.

"But the tables were moved!" Yes, and the beer vanished; and, for a charge of a couple of shillings, M. Robin will show you fifty feats more marvellous and inexplicable. But this is nothing to what has occurred. The house of the Rev. Dr. Eliakim Phelps was taken possession of by a whole regiment of spirits, who had a decided turn for the fine arts. "The furniture of the lower rooms lay scattered in the utmost confusion in every direction. After hastily restoring some kind of order, the family proceeded to the upper rooms, in hopes of discovering some clue to the authors of these strange doings. A most extraordinary scene presented itself! A number of figures—probably eight or ten—constructed with great skill by means of various articles of wearing apparel and bed-room furniture, were found in the middle of the room in a kneeling attitude, each having before it an open Bible! After exhausting their wonder and conjectures, excited by this extraordinary spectacle, the family closed up the phantom-chamber, as it was thenceforth called, leaving the dumb kneeling circle as they were found; and the doctor himself took possession of the key. In spite of this precaution, however, some strange addition was daily made to the phantom group, without a possibility of tracing the hand at work upon it." When Phelps, junior, a boy about eleven, was preparing to go to church, his boots and cap were suddenly missing! That is not altogether an unexampled phenomenon. However, some one was barbarous enough to drag forth another pair of Bluchers and a caubeen; and these also miraculously vanished. They were only discovered, "after a long search"—not, we presume, until the doctor had reached the peroration of his sermon. It is odd that the spirits who thus practically protested against the doctor's oratory, should have selected his house as the theatre of their malicious, and we must say unmeaning pranks. For seven long months peace was a stranger to the dwelling of the Phelpses. The furniture became locomotive, and walked about of its own accord, just as if the chairs and tables had been studying Washington Irving's tale of the Bold Dragoon. There was an awful smashing of glass. "I have seen," writes the vexed-at-heart Eliakim, "objects, such as brushes, tumblers, candlesticks, snuffers, &c., which, but a few moments before, I knew to be at rest, fly against the glass and dash it to pieces, when it was utterly impossible, from the direction in which they moved, that any visible power could have caused their motion."

But for the production of the Bibles, we should say that this was a case for exorcism and holy water. But can anything be more preposterous than this! The laws of nature are suspended, the spirits of the dead return—all for what? To rattle Dr. Phelps' furniture about, and to pitch the snuffers through his windows! There is usually some kind of poise between cause and effect. We can understand how, in the words of Horatio—

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,
—for natural portents are not inappropriate to the violent death of a hero. But were the gates of Tartarus opened, that the windows of Phelps might be broken! A more bairny set of hobgoblins than clustered round the Reverend Eliakim it is impossible to conceive; and we are of opinion that they might, without much trouble, have been decoyed into the interior of an emptied sugar-barrel.

After all, Beelzebub is but a poor imitator. He was but trying, beneath the roof-tree of Dr. Phelps, to reproduce phenomena which were played off at Woodstock, upon the occasion of the visit of the Parliamentary Commissioners in 1649, with infinitely greater effect. Had the ghost of Funny Joe Collins, the contriver of the Woodstock phantasmagoria, been amongst the number of the Phelpsian visitants, he would have made every one in the neighborhood roar, like Trinculo, with terror! Contrast the pointless idiocy of the American demonstrations, with the fine, bold, masterly performances of Collins.

October 20.—Something walked into the chamber, treading like a bear; it walked many times about, then threw the warming-pan violently upon the floor, and so bruised it that it was spoiled. Vast quantities of glass were now thrown about the room, and vast numbers of great stones and horses' bones were thrown in. These were all found in the morning, and the floors, beds, and walls were all much damaged by the violence they were thrown in.

November 1.—Candles were placed in all parts of the room, and a great fire made. At midnight, the candles all yet burning, a noise like the burst of a cannon was heard in the room, and the burning billets were tossed all over the room and about the beds; and had not their honors called in Giles and his fellows, the house had assuredly been burnt. An hour after the candles went out, as usual, the clack of many cannons was heard, and many pailfuls of green, stinking water were thrown on their honors in bed; great stones were also thrown in as before, the bed-curtains and bedsteads torn and broken; the windows were now all really broken, and the whole neighborhood alarmed with the noises; nay, the very rabbit-stealers that were abroad that night in the warren, were so frightened at the dismal thundering, that they fled for fear and left their ferrets behind them.

One of their honors this night spoke, and in the name of God asked what it was, and why it disturbed them so? No answer was given to this; but the noise ceased for a while, when the spirit came again, and, as they all agreed, brought with it seven devils worse than itself. One of the servants now lighted a large candle, and set it in the doorway between the two chambers, to see what passed; and, as he watched it, he plainly saw a hoof striking the candle and candlestick into the middle of the room, and afterwards making three scrapes over the snuff of the candle, to scrape it out. Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw a sword; but he had scarce got it out, when he perceived another invisible hand had hold of it too, and pulled with him for it, and at last prevailing, struck him so violently on the head with the pommel, that he fell down for dead with the blow.

Now, we call that a respectable style of apparition—place, time, and motive being all in perfect keeping; and the design and execution alike creditable to the artist. Had Joe Collins kept his own council, the Woodstock case would have been the Iliad of the spiritual manifestations, for there is a pith and purpose about it which makes us scorn the drivelling of the Yankee ghosts. But he was too much tickled with the delight of the joke to conceal his agency; and consequently he is not quoted by the historians of the invisible world.

From Phelps we pass to Judge Edmonds. This dignitary, it seems, was formerly an unbeliever, but had gradually altered his views. The following is an account of what occurred at a spiritual meeting at the house of a Mr. Partridge. In the list of those said to have been present, we find "Mrs Fox and her daughters."

Rappings were heard, and a communication from the "spirits" requested the company to play upon a piano in the room. This was done, the raps beating accurate time to the measure. Mr. Gordon, who was a *medium*, was thrown into a magnetic sleep, during which he gave utterance to some remarks directed against the too ready yielding to sister superstitions with those which, in past ages, obstructed the advance of gospel light—(we omit the remainder of the sentence as blasphemous).

While this was proceeding, sounds were occasionally heard on the door and sides of the apartment aloof from any person, as loud as could be produced by a violent "pounding" with a man's fist. The table at which Mr. Partridge was employed in taking notes, was several times moved from its place; and a chair, which stood outside of the circle, and several feet distant from any one present, was moved up to the circle, and back again, placed on its side, &c. These, however, were the usual phenomena, and of such frequent occurrence that they excited but little interest.

We pause to make a moral reflection. You

see, dear reader, how common everything becomes by use. We warrant now, that if, on walking into your drawing-room, you were to find the chairs chasing one another, the tables staggering under the influence of intoxication, and the sofas frantically curvetting, you would feel not a little amazed. These things, however, the philosophic American treats with intense disdain; and, we doubt not, gives the footstool an admonitory kick, as it playfully attempts to jump into the coal-scuttle. But to resume our quotation:—

In the present case they proved to be but the prologue to demonstrations of a most astounding character, and such as, I am fully aware, will tax to the utmost the faith of the uninitiated in the veracity of those upon whose concurrent testimony these facts were subsequently made public.

At the stage of the proceedings last alluded to, it was proposed by *some one* to darken the room, in order to try whether the lights and sparkles, known frequently to accompany the manifestations in former instances, would be perceptible. It was accordingly done, and the lights were observed, at different times and in different parts of the room—sometimes resembling phosphorescent flames, sometimes forming luminous clouds moving about, sometimes like glistening stars, crystals, or diamonds. Physical demonstrations increased in variety and force, and continued for three hours, “during which,” says Mr. Partridge, “*the judge seemed to be in the possession of the spirits.*” Many things occurred to him which he mentioned that he alone could be conscious of; though we could perceive that something extraordinary was going on with and around him. Many things, however, also occurred, which all could witness.

The card-table before mentioned began to move with violent force from one side of our circle (which was large) to the other, rocking, and rising up and coming down; and, finally, the leaf was shut up, the cover turned round to its place, the table was gently turned upside down, and laid at our feet. In this situation, myself and others took hold of it, and ascertained its position; and, after a short interval, it was turned up, the leaf opened, and the table placed as before. A chair, which stood outside of our circle, and several feet from any one, was suddenly moved up to the circle and back, rocked, and finally, with great rapidity, conveyed from one end of the room to the other, winding its way among the people who sat there without touching them, and yet at times passing with fearful rapidity within an inch or two of our persons. . . . A pocket-handkerchief was taken from the judge’s pocket, and tied into many knots and put back again; a table-brush was taken from the shelf, and put into the hands of several persons successively, and taken out again, and their hair brushed with it!!!

O, Partridge, Partridge!—for we are led to understand that the foregoing is your account, not that of Henry Spicer, Esq.—

what manner of man thou art, or what is thy calling, we know not, and we never may know; but this we will say for thee, that thou art a consummate master of bathos! Why wert thou not content with the crystals, and diamonds, and phosphorescence and coruscations! These might have won the hearts of young believers; but who can figure Ariel tying knots upon the handkerchief, or what stomach revolts not at the apparition of that beastly brush!

We shall, however, be told not to scoff, but to reason; and there are one or two points in the preceding narrative which we think it right to notice. We assume this to be, in substance, the narrative of Mr. Partridge, who was present, and that he remains uncontradicted by any others who were there. So be it. That is a broad assumption, but we do not wish to stand upon trifles. In the first place, after a preliminary rapping, such as constantly occurred when Miss Catherine Fox was present, music was demanded by the spirits. That may be a peculiar and favorite taste of theirs, for anything we know to the contrary; it is enough for us that natural sounds were required, to allow the development of the non-natural. In this we observe a strong family likeness to legerdemain exhibitions, which seldom go on smoothly unless the attention of the audience is distracted. Next, Mr. Gordon, a *medium*, drops into a magnetic sleep, and makes use of expressions from which, we sincerely hope, his waking sense would revolt. An inspired chair jumps about without any obvious reason, but no one pays attention to it; and the next notable occurrence is, that “some one” proposes to darken the room. We should like to know who made that proposition! If it was Mr. Partridge, it is deeply to be regretted that his modesty has kept him in the back-ground; it is always well, in matters like this, to be specific. The room was darkened accordingly, “to try whether the lights or sparkles” would appear. And it seems that they did appear. *But to whom?* The gifted narrator does not tell us *who* observed the lights. Is he recounting his own impression, or that of the whole company? On a late grand occasion, about which there could be no dispute—the eclipse of the sun—our scientific men were not at one about the color and shape of certain rays or flames which were thought to issue from the verge of the solar disc, towards the moment of obscuration. The spiritual phenomena, being more recondite, and certainly less generally understood than those which are purely natural, require more exactitude in the telling. *Who* saw those crystals, diamonds, phosphorescence, &c.? Was it Partridge only—or did the Foxes likewise see them—or were they visible to the rest of the company? On these very essen-

tial points we are left utterly in the dark—as utterly as Judge Edmonds, who, with a halo of glory around him, “seemed to be in the possession of the spirits!” As Mr. Partridge cannot tell us what occurred to the judge, we shall not be inquisitive to know. Many things may have occurred to him. Had he been in his place, it would have occurred to us that a slight supper, not unaccompanied by some mildly diluted spirits, might be salubrious after such a *séance*; though, with a modesty equal to his, we should have abstained from hinting our desire. No doubt “something extraordinary was going on with and around him.” Gentlemen’s handkerchiefs do not usually emerge from their pockets from an innate desire of being tied into knots; and surely it would be a great satisfaction for the judge to know what spirit took that liberty with his movables.

However, the room being darkened, the furniture began to race about at a speed or “fearful rapidity” which no article seems to have attained when the candles were lighted. It was all the difference between a mild sidling and the fanaticism of a Highland reel. In the day-time your chair might deceive you, jerking back as you confidently surrendered your nether man to it; and you might be greeted with a spiritual guffaw, and a general rapping indicative of the delight which the ghosts received from your hurt upon the *os coccygis*. But, dowse the glim, and there is the very devil to pay. Tables are turned upside down, the room being so dark that their position can only be ascertained by touch. An arm-chair conceives that it is a steam-engine, and whisks recklessly by. We remember, in days long past, having played at blind-man’s-buff in a darkened room, and we at once recognize the truth of the American phenomena. How the furniture did use to go about! You thought you were catching a nymph, and a screen came slap in your face, eliciting diamonds and coruscations more brilliant than any which Rundell and Bridge could exhibit. An ancestral chair by the fire-place became, on these occasions, a perfect demon. It would have been easier to stand the shock of Cœur-de-Lion, than the tilt of that venerable mahogany. But then we were not magicians. Granting that we occasionally caught a spirit, a very slight shriek was elicited, and the “rappings” were decidedly few. In sober earnestness, we beg to observe that this “manifestation” is by far the most suspicious of any which has yet been cited; and that—though dignified by the presence of a judge, “in the possession of the spirits”—we cannot by any means accept it as conclusive of the ghostly power. We make no imputation against any one. Mr. Partridge is as

much a shade to us as the spirit who, he presumes, impelled his arm-chair. Fleshly or disembodied, they may be excellent fellows both; but our belief in them is just the same which we repose in the shade of Katterfelto.

It is, however, no joke to be “in the possession of the spirits,” for they are apt to play strange pranks with those who surrender themselves to their power. It is not pleasant to be whisked up to the roof, and suspended from it like a gigantic spider, after the manner of Hervio Nano, the original Gnome-fly. Nevertheless, an eyewitness has stated that Mr. Daniel D. Hume, a *medium*, was placed in this singular position.

Suddenly, and without any expectation on the part of the company, the *medium*, Mr. Hume, was taken up in the air! I had hold of his hand at the time, and I felt of his feet; they were lifted a foot from the floor! He palpitated from head to foot with the contending emotions of joy and fear which choked his utterance. Again and again he was taken from the floor, and the third time he was carried to the lofty ceiling of the apartment, with which his hands and head came in gentle contact. I felt the distance from the soles of his boots to the floor, and it was nearly three feet. Others touched his feet to satisfy themselves.

We confess that we would have given a trifle to have seen the palpitating *medium* sprawling in the air! We presume this settles the question about the suspension of Mahomet’s coffin; for no stanch Mussulman ghost would grudge the labor of upholding it. The experiment, however, has been attempted before. Manlius, the friend of Melancthon, tells us in his *Collectanea*—“I was acquainted with a certain person, called Faust of Kundling, a small town in Wirtemberg. He was a Cracovian Scholasticus, and read lectures on magic in the university there. He was a great rambler, and possessed many secrets. At Venice, wishing to amuse the populace, he boasted that he would fly up to heaven. *The devil accordingly wafted him up a certain height*, but dashed him down again in such a plight that he lay half dead on the ground.” We insert this extract from the writings of a very learned man, by way of warning to the American experimentalists. Johanna Southcote, if we mistake not, expected to be “taken up;” and her Scottish imitator, Luckie Buchan, actually stood tiptoe on the top of a hill in Dumfriesshire, vainly soliciting a soar. Daniel has transcended Johanna—Hume has risen beyond Buchan.

But is it not possible that some of these phenomena may be attributable to natural agencies, such as magnetism, electricity, &c., though their operation is not yet understood? That is a very fair question; and we, who

detest dogmatism almost as thoroughly as deception, have no objection to answer it. Our experience of the past warrants us in concluding that there are many natural agencies with which we are imperfectly acquainted. Among the most important of these is electricity, whether it emanates from animated or inanimate objects; and no man, we think, is entitled to deny the genuineness of alleged phenomena, on account of their singularity or startling nature, so long as they can be attributed to a natural source. Thus, if it were alleged that, through the operation of magnetism, luminous points or sparkles were made to appear in a darkened room, we should not be justified in sneering at the statement, simply because it is contrary to our own experience. Nay, we shall go even further. It is not impossible, though certainly improbable, that an object, such as a table, may be so impregnated and surcharged with electricity, as to be moved, without visible power, from its place. But to tell us that handkerchiefs can spontaneously tie themselves into knots, and hair-brushes rush of their own accord to people's heads, is a direct insult to the understanding, and is indeed admitted to be so by the illuminati. They are obliged to have recourse to spirits; and not hypothetically to account for some wonderful phenomenon, but directly, from positive revelations vouchsafed to themselves. Now with this, science has nothing at all to do. They are asserting, not natural, but supernatural agencies; and these we utterly deny. Let it be observed that we do not express a disbelief in reported results, solely because the spiritualists choose to refer them to preternatural causes. It is possible that a table might move, or lights be exhibited, without spiritual intervention; but these men have cut the ground from beneath their own feet. They do not argue that these phenomena *may* have been produced by spiritual intervention, but they declare that they *were* so produced; and, with singular audacity, they have undertaken to prove that position. The reader, who has hitherto been introduced to "rappings," locomotive furniture, self-acting hair-brushes, and tortuous handkerchiefs, must now prepare himself for something stronger. We recommend him to take a caulker, by way of fortifying himself for the revelation.

THE SPIRITS CAN MAKE THEMSELVES VISIBLE! Yes—indeed they can; and, what is more, they can sign their names. Here is the statement as to the latter fact:—

At one of a series of meetings (hereafter more particularly described), convened for the purpose of "spiritual intercourse," at the residence of Mr. Charles Partridge, New York, the subject of Kossuth's "mission" was referred to, and

(whether from a desire to know how far "material aid" might be safely accorded, or from idle curiosity as to the missing crown of Hungary) pressed somewhat eagerly upon the notice of the spirits. The latter, however, cut all questions short, by addressing the medium, Mr. Edward P. Fowler, thus—

"Edward, place a paper on your table, and we will write a sentiment upon this matter, and subscribe it with our names. You will then sign it also."

The result reported was as follows:—

In accordance with the above directions, Edward placed a paper on his table, in his sleeping-room, which was duly written upon in the course of the night, and signed by *forty-three spirits*. It was subsequently signed by the members of the circle; but, owing to the omission of the history, and the irregular mode of affixing the signatures of the members, the spirits made the following communication at the succeeding regular meeting—"Burn that, and we will write upon another."

Accordingly, the first paper was destroyed, and a parchment was procured, and placed on Edward's table, on his retiring for the night. On the morning of the 23d of December, when the medium rose, he found the sentiment, "Peace, but not without freedom," and the signatures inscribed on the parchment.

At the meeting of the circle held on the 25th of December, Dr. Hall asked the spirits whether each spirit executed his or her own name, as they occurred on the parchment, when the spirits answered emphatically—"Yes!"

We hope that document will be preserved with as much care as the original Declaration of Independence. It ought to be; for who do you think signed it among others? Why—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN! Don't be surprised, dear reader—we shall get to Washington by and by. Edward B. Fowler, it would appear, is a remarkably gifted seer—quite a Joe Smith in his way—and Franklin, or rather the spirit of that illustrious man, requested him to get a book, and note down very particularly his experiences. Charles Partridge, who was present, inspired by a natural jealousy of the preference shown to the Fowler, inquired—rather impertinently, as we think—whether, if he had been in the room, he could have seen what Edward saw! The reader must understand that, by this time, the spirits had vouchsafed to appear as carnalities to Fowler. Franklin's reply conveys a dignified and proper rebuke. "Your sphere would not have permitted us to present ourselves even to Edward." The Partridge was caught in his own snare—a victim to the Fowler. It so happened, however, that the latter had mentioned the apparition of the queer little man in his room on the previous evening, and another of the party requested to know what name he bore in the flesh.

Franklin courteously replied, "The small man was Hahnemann." We wonder whether any deceased allopathist is permitted to walk.

No; we protest that it is no hoax of ours. Spier may be hoaxing us, for, as we said before, he is a funny and facetious fellow, but we quote accurately from his volume. Now, then, putting aside the appearances, which are simply harmless, especially as they are confined to Fowler, let us seriously consider the inconveniences of *post-mortem* signature. We never heard of such a thing before, except in the case of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and his receipt went hissing like a squib up the chimney. Another judge, of the name of Gray, is stated to have signed a document expressive of his belief in the genuineness of the spiritual subscriptions. In that case, we congratulate the forgers of New York. One thing is quite evident, that they may now counterfeit with impunity the handwriting of any deceased party. For some years to come, it is improbable that spirits will be admitted to the witness-box, or required to take an oath; and, supposing it to be established that spirits can write, it is difficult to imagine how a defence, resting on the authenticity of the signature, could be repelled. Suppose a man dies in the act of executing a will, and, five minutes afterwards, his spirit "raps" for two witnesses, and signs the deed in their presence, will it be good in law? Why not? There is the signature, and nobody else made it; and it would be hard to maintain that the spirit could not remedy the infirmity of the dying hand. There is a splendid prospect open for collectors of autographs. Letters from the dead will soon become as plentiful as strawberries — nay, we greatly fear that they will tread upon the heels of the living. Washington is at it again. Would you like to hear him?

O, ye men of intelligence! Be ye warned that this doctrine of spiritual intercourse will spread and overleap all opposition. Be patient, examine, investigate — try all things by the un-failing laws of nature and reason. Be not easily turned from your course — let "onward and upward" be your watchword. All will be well if you persevere. Have charity; love your opposers; forbear; seek to enlighten them. O! be forgiving; you are progressing.

It is very well for Washington to ask us to be patient; but what patience can stand such frightful drivel? Why, the man — we beg pardon — ghost, has forgot the significance of language, for it is rank nonsense in a spirit, holding spiritual intercourse, to call that communication a doctrine. Can it be that spirits, like men, are liable to intellectual decay? It is an awful idea; but, from the foregoing specimen, it is evident that Washington is entitled to the privileges of the Fogie Club.

CCCCXXV. LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 52

Would you like a touch of Jefferson by way of relief? Here goes: —

The anniversary of America's birth is now being observed by millions of happy people, who enjoy the greatest blessings of any earthly nation. These blessings were won by a thorough and impartial investigation of the various theories of government, one of which was carried out in practice by a class of men who were not afraid of truth. In all its affairs (the government) it is as near the intended of God as its founders could, at that time, adopt, and at the same time consolidate the States. But, with all its blessings, it was not perfect; nor is it yet, and probably never will be. The Union, as it is, is worth preserving, and I pray my countrymen will not destroy it, for as sure as they do, civil war and carnage will assuredly follow. *Better permit one evil than to destroy all that is good.*

Perhaps the reader will be better able to appreciate the truly Roman stoicism of the last sentence, when we remind him that the children of Jefferson were, after his death, publicly sold for slaves in the market of New Orleans. In the midst of ineffable glory, the spirit of Jefferson yet approves of the human traffic!

We hope these specimens will suffice — for we really have not space to notice the posthumous writings of Calvin and Fenelon, who, along with others of less celebrity, have deigned to communicate their spiritual musings to the American ear. In truth, this is a very serious revelation for authors. What would become of the living novelists were a new series of the Waverley tales to be spiritually communicated? Are they safe against Cervantes and Boccaccio? Not at all. Spirits are proficients in all languages; and the new style both of Calvin and Fenelon is sonorous with the Yankee twang. It is really too bad that the bread is to be taken out of our mouths by deceased authors, who can have no claim to copyright. Protection, they tell us, is dead. Alas! the grave itself is now no protection. We appeal to the reading public. Do they really want more of N. P. Willis? If they do, it is no use repeating the Oriental wish that he may live for a thousand years; for, according to the new method, he may write till the world is in flames. We remember reading, some years ago, in one of the periodicals, a rather impertinent paper, in which the popular authors of the day were represented as embarking on a perilous aerial voyage; and when one of them, whom we are glad to know is still fresh and lively, was represented as having met with a fatal accident, the sole moan made by the survivors was expressed in the emphatic words — "Well! that's one serial done for at all events!" But, if these American revelations be true, living authors will shortly be worse off than Macbeth — there will not be a corner

for them at the table. We shall be obliged to hire spiritual braves to make away with the shades of our predecessors. Has any man a literary rival? If so, his course is clear—let him settle on him an annuity. His business is to retain him as long as possible in the flesh; not to allow him to go out as an active and under-selling spirit. For ourselves, we defy competition; but we tremble to think what might be the fate of the poor lads who write for the *Edinburgh Review*, should the defunct contributors take a fancy to enliven the Blue and Yellow! Not that Mackintosh would make much sensation. Allowing for spiritual improvement, he would remain as heavy as a sack of turnips; but, in the present state of the hotch-potch, Sydney Smith, spiritualized, would be a most valuable adjunct. We shall allow no political feelings to sway us. We utterly and entirely protest against posthumous productions of the defunct. Since we began this article we have been approached upon the spiritual side, and the bait was certainly a tempting one. It was neither more nor less than an offer from the spirit of Ossian of a dictation of his real poems as they ought to appear in the Saxon garb. We are always averse to betray confidence, even though it comes through spirits; and therefore we turn to Spicer for posthumous poetry, believing that Ossian will “rap,” when we allude to him, if we are guilty of any dishonor.

Indefatigable during his life, Southey is still hard at work; though we are rather surprised to find him selecting American confidants. We abstain from quoting his poem, solely on account of the subject, which is personal and painful, relating to the mental malady that darkened his latter years. Shelley, we are sorry to observe, has lost much of his power of rhythm since he became a shade. Indeed, his lines will not scan; and his words have no meaning. It is evident that the spirit who dictated the following lines is inadequate to the composition of such a poem as the *Sensitive Plant*:—

Here am I blest! My mind can sweep o'er all
Of beauty, and drink in a freedom
That on earth I was denied. Earth's sons,
With souls of clay, would have despoiled me;
They made me what I was—they made me doubt;
But here, they have no power to mar my soul,
For to my lumined spirit is revealed
What once was dim and shadowy on earth.
Ah! Immortality, thy bliss—and still
'Twas I who doubted thee!

Friend, listen why:

I saw the wrongs in Church and State, and I, too,
Saw a power to right them, and to make
An Eden's garden smiling here;
But others scorned, and wished not to right
Those wrongs I saw, for they were false,
Yet feigning to be true!

In justice to the poet, we ought to state our

belief that the fault here lay with the *medium*, who has blundered the verse, and deserves to have his ears cropped. More pitiable doggerel cannot be conceived; and it is disgusting to think that Shelley's ghost was not allowed the opportunity of a revise. We lament to say that Edgar A. Poe, the author of “The Raven,” is still spirituously addicted; and that his shade composes under the influence of intoxication. Mrs. Lydia Tenney, of Georgetown, Massachusetts, a noted *medium*—by the way, it is worth remarking that a person of the name of Tenney signed a certificate of the truth of the Fox demonstrations—lately communicated to a magnetic circle a message and poem from the deceased bard. It is not easy to decide whether they flavor most of peach-brandy or of ether.

Listen to me, and I will tell you of beautiful things—of thoughts both wild and tender—both soothing and tumultuous, which dwell in a human heart. A question which has moved the minds of millions is, What is the end and aim of imagination?—for what was it implanted in the human organization? What was my own? but a vortex rushing within itself, upon whose brink I could seem to stand and see *what was being swallowed* and reproduced—thorns, jagged rocks, beautiful flowers—all in the whirl of this ceaseless current merged.

O, the dark, the awful chasm!
O, the fearful spirit spasm!
Wrought by unresisted passion
In my heart.
Fancies joyous, but alluring;
Love pure, but unenduring,
From time to time securing
Each a part.

Then embraced by seraph bands—
Drawn by tender, loving hands—
From those treacherous, hateful sands
Of despair.
How my soul was waked to gladness,
And cast off the deadening sadness,
And the soul-devouring madness
Writhing there!

May we be caught up and suspended from the ceiling, like Daniel D. Hume, if we stand this any longer! These Transatlantic ghosts are superlative idiots; let us try whether we cannot elicit something better from a native apparition. For the last quarter of an hour there has been an incessant rapping on our table—there is an odor of usquebau in the apartment, and we hear the droning of a spiritual bagpipe. The shade of old Ossian awaits us! At the corner of the street there stands a first-rate *medium*, Dugald Macvurich by name, and he also is of the race of the bards. Him we entice, by the promise of a bottle of whiskey and a quarter of a pound of pigtail, into our study; and having explained to him our wishes, which he readily comprehends—for his father's sister's husband's cousin had

the gift of the second-sight, and it may therefore be said to be in the family—we give him a single dram, by way of composing draught, and patiently await the result. Dugald pechs. That, though a familiar magnetic symptom, may be accounted for naturally, the spirit being considerably above proof. But now a fine agitation convulses his furrowed features. His hair begins to bristle, and his legs are jerked as if he were executing a strathspey! There can be no doubt of it now—he is fully possessed by the ancient Caledonian muse. Starting to his feet, he catches up a pair of bellows, which, inserted beneath his left arm, makes no contemptible substitute for the bagpipe; and, marching round the apartment, he delivers the following magnificent fragment, which we hope will silence forever the puny piping of the Yankee spirits:—

MACTAVISH AND THE QUEEN OF PHAERIE.

A HIGHLAND BALLAD.

Communicated by the Shade of Ossian.

I will sing you songs
To make your heart-strings tingle;
They were made by me,
Ossian, son of Fingal,
In honor of a chief,
Called Forquhard Mhor Mactavish;
To whom the females were
Of their attentions lavish.

Half-way up the glen,
Near the springs of Aven,
Where the black-cock builds,
As also does the raven—
There his henchman, Ian,
Found him on the heather,
With his flask of spirits
Emptied altogether!

Such a thing as this
Was indeed uncommon,
For the chief could drink
With any son of woman;
And it did appear
To his henchman, Ian,
That some wondrous sight
The chieftain had been seeing.

Water on his face
His foster-brother spluttered,
And a prayer or two
To good Saint Fillan uttered;
Till Mactavish gave
Signs of animation,
And could undertake
The task of his narration.

First his nose he fed
With a pinch of sneeshan,
Then he thus remarked,
“I have seen a vision!
I shall tell you all,
That you may judge the fitness
Of the things whereof
I have been the witness.

“I had not consumed
More than half a gallon,
With Rory Oig M’Craw,
And Angus, son of Allan;

And was walking home
In this same position,
When my eyes beheld
A beauteous apparition.

“From a tuft of rushes
Rose a splendid figure,
About a salmon’s height,
Perhaps a little bigger.
She was dressed in green,
Her arms were rather hairy,
And I knew at once
It was the Queen of Phaerie!”

At this point, owing to an unlucky accident, the recitation terminated. A large chair, originally from Dunstaffnage, became greatly excited by the strain; and, after attempting to dance a jig, rushed furiously across the room, and came in violent contact with Macvurich’s shins. The inspired *medium* went down like a nine-pin, nor could we again bring him to the scratch. That he was under spiritual influence, however, there can be no doubt; indeed, he muttered something, though incoherently, about “the spirits”—employing, to denote them, the Gaelic synonyme of *Perintosh*. It is to be hoped that, on some future occasion, the shade of Ossian will condescend to dictate the remainder of this delectable poem.

Will any one dare to doubt the authenticity of this “communication?” We are quite prepared to argue that point, and to prove its possibility from antecedents. Homer, a much older poet than Ossian, was called up by the magician Faust, and we have it, on the authority of Marlowe, that he was compelled to improvise.

Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander’s love and Eneon’s death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistopheles?

We are ready, at all events, to make our affidavit that the Ossianic fragment is quite as genuine as the American spiritual minstrelsy.

Well, dear reader, what do you say to all this? Are you a convert to the spiritual manifestations, or do you still remain incredulous? We have positively nothing more to say—we have simply expounded Spicer. He is a believer, though less from anything he has seen (the spirits not being active in his presence) than from what he has heard. It may, however, occur to you, as it occurs to us, that it is somewhat strange that this spiritual intercourse should have been so long deferred. Possibly St. Anthony was not tempted by demons, but simply haunted by ghosts; possibly Luther mistook the nature of his annoying interruptions, and was precipitate in shying the ink-bottle at what he imagined to be the head of Sathanas, when he ought to have produced the alphabet, and endeavored

to ascertain whether his visitor was not the shade of some early reformer. But Anthony and Luther, knowing the Bible, had, both of them, a horror of familiar spirits. And, upon the whole, we think you cannot do better than follow their example. When we find an introduction to the inhabitants of the invisible world charged, according to the tariff of the Fish and Fox tribe, at one dollar per head, we cannot avoid forming a most contemptible opinion of the spirits who thus officiate upon hire. And as to the alleged readiness of the spirits to appear, we greatly doubt that. It is wholly in opposition both to inspiration and vulgar tradition. The spirit of Samuel, when evoked by the Witch of Endor, complained that he was disquieted. Ghosts are said in later times to have appeared, and to have haunted dwellings; but, whenever addressed, they have supplicated as a boon that they might be laid at rest. The new theory is quite otherwise. Your disembodied spirit has not only the *entrée* to every circle, but it enjoys the amusements exceedingly—plays, in fact, the first fiddle—and the dead jackass has the advantage of figuring as a living lion.

But we shall not conclude in so light a strain. In dealing with the details laid before us, so utterly ludicrous of their kind, it was impossible to avoid banter; but the prevalence of such a delusion—if it really be so prevalent—is most deeply and sincerely to be deplored. It is the worst and rankest form of infidelity which has ever been promulgated. It is utterly opposed to the Christian tenets, for it implies there is no judgment hereafter. A miserable debauchee like Poe, who had lived without the thought of a Redeemer, dies; and straightway, through a *medium*, announces himself to be in glory. Blasphemy must be common and congenial in the United States, before any one, capable of perpetrating a stanza, would venture upon such an experiment. But impostors stick at nothing. With the dollar per head in their view, they will produce any kind of phantasmagoria; and enact, on a small scale, the same kind of swindle which was practised at the Eleusinian mysteries.

Keep your mind easy, dear reader! You are not, one whit, more likely to be disturbed by ghosts than your father or grandfathers were—and you may set them thoroughly at defiance. Comport yourself well, and you may be assured that neither your shaving-brush nor razor will spontaneously smash the window—go to church regularly, and we shall give our guarantee against your being affixed to the ceiling. Be easy on the score of your furniture, until you observe it to be inconveniently locomotive; in which case, no doubt, you will be able to dispose of it to some railway company. And, above all things, despise humbug, and do not follow in

the wake of men who are called, or call themselves, philosophers. Many scientific men, in matters of reasoning, are asses; and it is a mercy that it is so, since otherwise, through their crude conceits, they would destroy the equilibrium of the material world.

Humbug, and deliberate imposture, are the mildest terms we can apply to the American "spiritual manifestations," and with that expression of opinion we dismiss the subject.

[As long as belief in the "spiritual manifestations" was confined to the class of persons who do not believe in the Bible, it seemed natural enough. Unbelievers in Revelation are proverbially credulous. But now that this belief has gone farther, it enables us to understand the possibility that educated and intelligent people could really believe in the follies of witchcraft many years ago. The "Nineteenth Century" people are as ready to deceive themselves as the people of the Seventeenth were.]

Let us make one suggestion: The miracles of the Church of Rome are better proved than any of these manifestations. More people have witnessed them, and testified to them. Why do the present believers set them aside? Can they hereafter venture to call that church *superstitious*? We do not see how they can resist the alleged miracles which go to establish the divine authority of that Church.—*Ed. Living Age.*]

DOMESTIC HABITS OF OUR ANCESTORS.—ERASMUS, who visited England in the early part of the sixteenth century, gives a curious description of an English interior of the better class. The furniture was rough; the walls unplastered, but sometimes wainscotted or hung with tapestry; and the floors covered with rushes, which were not changed for months. The dogs and cats had free access to the eating-rooms, and fragments of meat and bones were thrown to them, which they devoured among the rushes, leaving what they could not eat to rot there, with the draining of beer-vessels and all manner of unmentionable abominations. There was nothing like refinement or elegance in the luxury of the higher ranks; the indulgences which their wealth permitted consisted in rough and wasteful profusion. Salt beef and strong ale constituted the principal part of Queen Elizabeth's breakfast, and similar refreshments were served to her in bed for supper. At a series of entertainments given in York by the nobility in 1660, where each exhausted his invention to outdo the others, it was universally admitted that Lord Goring won the palm for the magnificence of his fancy. The description of this supper will give us a good idea of what was then thought magnificent; it consisted of four huge, brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sausages to a huge pudding in a bag, which served for a chariot.—*The Silent Revolution.*

From the Times.

THE BEECHER STOWE DEMONSTRATION.

It has been the fate of all the great epics that their moral has not been very discernible, or at least, so separable from the story, and so dependent on the caprice of the reader, that we are at liberty to admire to our heart's content without drawing any inference whatever. The *Iliad* was construed by subsequent ages to prove an inveterate grudge between Europe and Asia, which nothing could expiate but the conquest of the latter by the former in the person of Alexander. The *Æneid* was written to prove the divine mission and descent of Augustus, and the eternal destinies of Rome. The *Lusiad* taught the right of Portugal to the East, and the leading feature of the *Paradise Lost* is a very earthly representation of Heaven and the Divine mysteries. On these great precedents, we do not scruple to admire Uncle Tom as warmly as Lord Shaftesbury, or Lord Carlisle, or any gentleman or lady at Stafford-house, without surrendering the right of private judgment as to the political doctrine of the story. We will do all fitting homage to Mrs. Stowe, as a novelist beyond compare, at least in the living generation; but when it comes to the tremendous question how we are to deal with three millions born and bred in slavery and in the most intimate servile intermixture with a free people—still more, when it comes to the question how we, another people—a rival nation and a rejected mother country—are to interfere—we must beg to consult those high political considerations which find little place in novels, and are particularly distasteful to the warm hearts of fair writers and readers. We take the liberty, therefore, of regarding Mrs. Stowe quite distinctly from the meeting at Exeter-hall on Whit-Monday—quite distinctly from the reverend gentlemen and professors assembled on that occasion—distinctly from the resolutions then adopted—and even distinctly from herself, so far as she has been compelled to commit herself to any definite proposal for the abolition of slavery. But even while we write we remember that Mrs. Stowe could not possibly agree with the very first resolution carried unanimously. If we remember right, she has emphatically repudiated any such doctrine as that "the principle of immediate and unconditional emancipation is the only one that is consistent with the rights of the slave and the duty of the master." She does not think it the right of anybody, however deserving, however miserable, to be utterly ruined, which would be the case of the Carolina slave suddenly emancipated; nor does she think it the duty of any man, however responsible, to ruin his dependents, as the slave-owners certainly would do if they gave in to this plan. Mrs.

Stowe would prepare the slave for freedom, and give him meanwhile the benefit of Christian usages and laws; and so little is she prepared to see the whole three millions emancipated, that when she has got only one of the three millions, and him a very superior specimen, free from the yoke, and on British soil, her only resource is to send him to Liberia, where we will venture to say he will not go.

Accustomed as Mrs. Stowe must be at home to idle exhibitions of barren zeal, to indignation meetings that burn like stubble and leave nothing behind, and all other forms of plausible folly, she must have been pained, not to say disgusted, with the frantic impotence of the Exeter Hall abolitionists. They rose as she entered the room and received her with more than loyalty. She deserves it, and we honor their enthusiasm. They repeated their homage at her departure. But what was really done meanwhile? What was said that could by any means help the poor slave and resolve this fearful enigma? Absolutely nothing. Lord Shaftesbury spoke as he is too apt to speak when he has discovered what he thinks a religious principle. He spoke as if he had never read of slaves in the Bible—as if slaves had not been therein told to remain content with their lot—as if compulsory service was incompatible with social laws or moral obligations; and as if three millions of slaves could be safely emancipated by a single vote of the American Congress, or any State Legislature, any more than all the infants in the Union could be as summarily invested with the rights of full age. Indeed, he did not altogether blink the adverse testimony of the Bible, but he disposed of that testimony by the summary expedient of declaring that all who rested on it were of the synagogue of Satan. This is rather a loose way of talking when it comes to a question of doctrine, and to numerous texts with a definite meaning. Let us beg to suggest to Lord Shaftesbury that, invaluable as his labors are in the work of social and material reforms, he would do well to take counsel of some learned minister before he resigns the texts of Scripture to the synagogue of Satan. Indeed, he has not done even Mrs. Stowe that justice out of Scripture which she has a right to expect. The Lord, he says, will sell this Sisera, that is, the anti-abolitionists, into the hands of a woman—viz., Mrs. Stowe. Now, we protest, on the behalf of Mrs. Stowe, that she is not the woman into whose hands the Lord has sold the anti-abolitionists. She is the Deborah of this question; the judge, the prophetess, the inspired songstress. The craven-hearted Barak would not give chase to Sisera and his chariots of iron, unless Deborah might be allowed to go with him; so, to punish him, the victory was to be utterly inglorious, at least to him;

a woman was to invite Sisera into her tent, receive him with pretended hospitality, and kill him in his sleep; but in which respect Mrs. Stowe is like Jael, the wife of Heber, the Kenite, except that she has hit the right nail on the head, Lord Shaftesbury himself would be puzzled to say.

Good advice, it is commonly said, is the cheapest currency in the world, except bad advice, which is cheaper still, and impossible advice, which is the cheapest of all. Our anti-slavery people advise the Americans to emancipate all the slaves at once, as we did the slaves in our West India Islands, though even that was not quite at once. We believe the advice to be about as impracticable as if we were to recommend the negroes to wash themselves white, or to change places with their masters forthwith on the receipt of our letters. It cannot, however, be denied that the Americans are paying us off in our own coin, for we never heard more impracticable advice, if it means anything at all, than what Professor Stowe liberally presented to the meeting at Exeter Hall. The advice is, that the people of England are to use free cotton, and they are to get the cotton grown free by the importation of Chinese laborers into the United States, who will work, the professor says, for sixpence a day. In the first place, how are we to discriminate between two bales of cotton from New York — which was picked by Cassy and Uncle Tom, and which by Chinamen? Then, who are to import the latter? It would be very imprudent philanthropy in the English, to carry a set of poor, ignorant creatures across the whole globe into the heart of an independent nation, particularly jealous of our interference — a nation, too, the states of which are not less jealous one of another. What if the slave states find the Chinamen exceedingly disagreeable people, and were to declare them all slaves or expel them? It is found impossible to import Chinese laborers into our own sugar islands without a great deal of suffering and hardship. If it is anybody's place to import them into the United States, it falls rather to those who will have some sort of voice in their disposal for the future. No man of common prudence will ever undertake a charge which he will not be allowed to discharge, according to the dictates of his own discretion. We will say, however, plainly, that we respect Professor Stowe; we respect all who fairly attempt to grapple with the practical difficulties of the question. The more we ask what is to be done, and the more answers are recorded, the nearer and more likely we seem to exhaust the subject at last. We think, ourselves, that nothing is to be done except gradually to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, and to extend to them the first rights

of humanity. We have always protested against the separation of husband and wife in our workhouses at home, and we cannot do less than protest against the separation of slave couples. The same analogy holds of mother and child, up to a certain age. The slave ought certainly to have some protection, more than he now has, against excessive punishment, for, without some power of punishment left to the master, there can be no slavery at all, and we are rather for its mitigation than its immediate abolition. As to mere animal comforts, amusement, instruction, secular and religious, we suspect the American slave is quite as well off in these respects as the English laborer — at least, if Mrs. Stowe is to be trusted. But these are remedies which, so far from being advocated or facilitated by our anti-slavery agitation, are only rendered more and more impracticable. We have on this point the express word of Professor Stowe, who says that in his own early days black children were admitted into the same schools as white. If it is not so now, it is not owing to the progress of the cotton cultivation, but to the excessive bitterness provoked by the abolitionists, and the increasing difficulty of dealing with free persons of color. Like many other people in the world's great comedy of errors, the abolitionists must retrace their steps and eat a little humble pie. They must give up — indeed, Mrs. Stowe herself does give up — immediate and certain abolition, and return to the safer and less offensive plan of gradual amelioration. Let them put it in the power of every slave to purchase his own freedom, or have it purchased for him, at a not exorbitant price; and thus prepare them for that state of liberty which so few men born free know how to use properly.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

TO MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, ESQ.

On, Titmarsh, Thackeray, or De La Pluehe,
 Jeames, Chawls, or dear, delightful Mr. Brown,
 Wielding the author's pen or artist's brush,
 Or lecturing in some provincial town;
 All hail! King Satirist without a crown,
 But still of shillings fortunately flush,
 And able quite to "go it with a rush" —
 (Don't treat this pretty sonnet with a frown),
 If, in your tour from Boston to the South,
 From Athens to Bœotia, you should see
 Some "swells" and "snobs" of very high degree,
 Have mercy on them; let your fearful mouth
 Not crunch them, like so many luckless snails,
 O lion with a large supply of tales!

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

COLONEL BAXTER'S nuptials! We — the whole regiment — turned out in full-dress to witness their celebration. Even Mrs. Brill went to the expense of a white satin slip and a bonnet trimmed with orange-blossoms for the occasion. (Brill had been appointed Brigade-Major of the Division.) The colonel looked about forty years of age. The bride was certainly a very pretty girl. Major Green gave her away. I wished Mrs. Brill had stayed at home; for her mind was always running on matters of business, and she made me laugh in the church, close to the altar, by saying seriously, in a whisper — "She'll come nicely on the fund, cornet, as a colonel's widow, if anything happens to old Baxter. It's a fraud! He ought to be ashamed of himself! I wish the old woman's ghost could walk in just now, and see what was the use of her saving and pinching as she did. This young woman will spend it all, you know. I should like to catch Brill making such a fool of himself, after I'm dead and gone, and ducks and drakes of all I have scraped together. When I'm dying, I'll burn every bit of Company's paper, or tear it into little bits, and throw it into the chicken broth I shall call for on purpose; and then, if Brill likes to marry again, let him. It will be quite optional."

"Hush!" said I. "The parson is looking at you."

"Well, let him look, the pasty-faced man," said Mrs. Brill. "I think he might have put on a clean what-you-may-call-it — surplus" — (she meant surplice) — "although it is a dirty business he is engaged in — marrying an old painted man to a mere child. There were we pitying old Baxter not long ago, when the old lady died; and now you see there are all the cornets envying him. The world is full of hypocrisy and humbug. What can that young girl care about that old thing! It is not in human nature. She wants to be Mrs. Colonel Baxter, and have a carriage-and-pair, and all the rest of it."

"So long as ye both shall live," said the clergyman, concluding the vow.

"I will," said the colonel.

"I will!" echoed Mrs. Brill in a loud whisper. "Why, his three-score-and-ten is up already — so that his promissory note is overdue before he makes it."

I could contain myself no longer. I tittered aloud. My wife, who was leaning on my arm, gave me a look expressive of extreme disgust; but it did not reduce me to gravity. On the contrary, it provoked me to titter loudly again.

"For richer and poorer." When the old colonel came to these words, Mrs. Brill whis-

pered to me, "He'll be poorer pretty soon, I warrant you. — *Give thee my troth!*" she repeated after the colonel. "Bring her on the fund, and give her a pension! I say it's a fraud!"

"With this ring I thee wed," old Baxter feebly repeated after the clergyman.

"With this fiddlestick!" whispered Mrs. Brill, carrying on her commentary loud enough for me to hear her. "I have no patience with an old man who paints his cheeks, and dyes his hair, and comes to church clothed in such abominable falsehood."

"Yea, and thou shalt see thy children's children," said the minister.

"Children's children, indeed! Now, the very idea," said Mrs. Brill.

"You had better leave the church, Robert," whispered my wife, "if you cannot behave better."

Mrs. Brill heard her, and replied, "He had better stay where he is. You wouldn't have him cry, would you?"

"Hush!" said I, in an agony of fear lest Mrs. Brill should come to words with my wife, and interrupt the ceremony.

"Spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." When the minister came to these words Mrs. Brill was very indignant.

"Spot or wrinkle!" she repeated. "He has filled up all the wrinkles with white paint and putty! I could pick it out with a penknife! The old man is a walking fraud! I've no patience with him; and I will say so at the breakfast. Brill is on the staff, and can no longer be bullied by any ragamuffin of a commanding officer."

My wife, when we came out of church, begged of me not to sit near Mrs. Brill at the breakfast. But of what avail was my promise, since Mrs. Brill was determined to sit next to me?

"Robert, there is room for you here," said my wife, when we were about to be seated, and she pointed to a vacant chair. Mrs. Brill observed her look, and said, "Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Wetherby. Although bolting, they say, is catching when it gets into a regiment, don't suppose I'd be so weak as to go off with the cornet. Brill is on the staff."

Sophy roared with laughter; and so did every one who heard Mrs. Brill's remark.

"Have you congratulated the colonel?" I inquired of Mrs. Brill.

"No," said she; "and I don't intend. I am not an impostor and hypocrite, like some other ladies whom I could mention." (She looked at my wife.) "I always speak my feelings. An honest man's the noblest work of God — and so's a woman."

I filled Mrs. Brill's glass several times with champagne, and the beverage appeared to

improve her temper. I trod upon her toe by accident, and she looked blandly in my face, and said —

"Don't flirt with me, cornet, before your wife, or you'll be making her unhappy, poor thing; and she's not a bad creature, though she looks a wretched dawdle, and has no more idea of housekeeping than a blacking-brush has. It was unfortunate that she chummed with Mrs. Fifeleigh, for her character is compromised by it, poor thing. Don't flirt with me here, cornet. Brill, too, has got his bleary eyes on us." — *The Wetherbys*.

From Chambers' Journal.

SCOTTISH DRUNKENNESS.

THE House of Commons recently granted to Mr. Hume a return of the number of persons apprehended for being drunk and guilty of disorderly conduct, in the streets of London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, respectively, for a series of years, up to the close of 1851. Taking the last year embraced in this curious return, it appears that the number of persons drunk and disorderly picked up in London (or more properly, the whole metropolis), was 24,203, the population being 2,526,693 — or about 1 in 106; in Edinburgh, with a population of 166,000, the number was 2794 — or about 1 in 60; while in Glasgow, with a population of 333,657, the number was 14,870 — or 1 in 22. In other words, Glasgow seems to be three times more given to intoxication than Edinburgh, and five times more drunken than London!

These statistics have led to some altercation. Instead of simply adopting the facts, and making the best of them, certain journalists of Glasgow have attempted to explain away the apparent drunkenness of their city, and to fasten a quarrel on the *Scotsman* newspaper for having drawn attention to the subject. All these wranglings are profitless. That Glasgow is distinguished for its intemperance, is a misfortune to be looked distinctly in the face; and whether other cities are a little less given to the same vice, is of no importance, one way or other. Each city has the duty of caring in a peculiar manner for itself; and, on this ground, what the Glasgow authorities have to do, is, to consider by what prudent means the great reproach can be removed from amongst them. Having always felt a warm interest in Glasgow — looking, indeed, on its rapid rise, its great energy, and its wealth, as something marvellous and to be proud of, in a country which was so poor and backward as Scotland was a century ago — we cannot be supposed to

refer to the present subject in an invidious spirit. Our object would be to aid in curing a great evil, of which all have occasion to be ashamed.

It has been remarked in favor of the western capital, that its population is substantially different from that of Edinburgh and London; but when we take the similar city of Manchester, where it appears, from a newspaper report, that the annual captures of drunk and disorderly persons by the police are only 523, or *one in six hundred*, we see that this forms no sound defence.

The comparative drunkenness of both Edinburgh and Glasgow, in contrast with southern cities, appears to us a subject eminently worthy of consideration and inquiry. It cannot be pretended that the means of education, or of impressing the religious and moral feelings, are wanting in either city. It is indeed said that these are most abundant in the more drunken city. How comes it that, while the external life and professions of so many are decent, there are at the same time so many who are given up to a shameful career of intemperance? It shows a sad want of what we would call moral coherence and unity in these populations, raising the idea that there must now be vast numbers of people in our large towns who are not reached by any of the existing means of discipline, or rather, may be said to stand in antagonism to all such appliances. These are unhealthy traits of our social state, and we hope they will receive attention, with a view to some remedial measure, instead of being sheltered from public discussion.

Since the above was in type, some revised statistics have appeared, by which it would seem that the manner in which the cases of drunkenness coming under the cognizance of the police of Edinburgh and Glasgow have been recorded, leaves some reason for doubt as to which of the two cities occupies the least favorable position. But the matter in its whole aspect remains pretty much as it was, and in any point of view is deserving of the enlightened consideration which we have craved for it.

German Lyrics. By Charles T. Brooks. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. Boston. — These are the best publishers in the country for Poets. It is enough to recommend a volume of poetry to the attention of the public, that it comes from their house. This contains translations in verse from Anastasius Grün; Rückert; Uhland; Freiligrath; Wilhelm Müller; Langbein; Chamisso; Gellert; Seidt; Kerner; Nathusius; Geibel; Platen; Lennau; Würkeat; Claudius; and a miscellaneous list.

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